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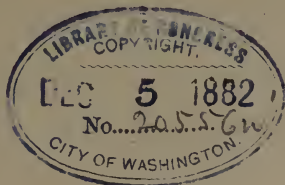
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HOMESPUN VERSES,

BY

FREDERICK H. PILCH.



NEWARK, N. J. :
MATTHIAS PLUM, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

1882.

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Dedication.

Where faithful friends are many,
'Tis hard to give a preference,
Yet of them all, not any
But will admit, with deference,
The justice of this reference.

To the first woman who ever loved me
And the first woman whom I ever loved,
My Mother,
This book is lovingly dedicated.

Frederick H. Pilch

Newark, N. J., September, 1882.

A Sound Reason.

Home I hied me, worn and weary,
At the brief day's early close,
All the sky looked dark and dreary
As the frosty breeze arose.
Leafless trees, gaunt, tall and stately,
Faded in the gloom,
Open fields, perfumed but lately
With the clover bloom;
Cold and white, lay, deeply hidden
Under snow,
Grass and flowers alike forbidden
E'en to grow.

Not our homestead, bright and cosy,
Nor its inmates fond and true,
Could impart a tincture rosy
To my doleful fancies blue;
I had been inclined to rhyming,
Off and on, for years,
In ecstatic moments climbing
To celestial spheres,
Soaring in imagination
Free and far,
Seeing God in all creation,
Or a star.

With a family to cherish—
Children dear to start in life—
Poetry should straightway perish,
As a hindrance in the strife;—
Of the coin the world disburses
Poets get small share,
Only mighty minds make verses
Glorious and rare,—
So that day I had concluded,—
From that time,—
Never more to be deluded
Into rhyme.

When our evening meal was ended,
And the night was somewhat spent,
Forth my tired footsteps tended
On some household errand bent;
Just as I stood in our portal,
Scarce the threshold past,
Then the North Wind—Fierce Immortal,
With most sturdy blast,—
On the way a maple felling
Like a flail,
Rushed along, a chilling, swelling,
Wintry gale.

With a rhythmic tone it sounded
Through the swaying forest trees,
And the evergreens resounded
With the music of the breeze,
In the West the clouds were rifted,
Showing azure sky

As their opaque curtain lifted
Where the mountains lie,
All along the ridge was gleaming
Starry bright,
While the hither vale lay dreaming
Out of sight.

Then the crescent moon emerging
From behind her sombre veil
Sent a stream of light diverging
O'er the icy, glist'ning dale;
'Twas a picture as entrancing—
In pure colors drest—
As the rippling moonlight glancing
O'er the ocean's crest;—
And the woods, with tempests ringing,
Seemed to be,
Like the surf forever singing
By the sea.

Ah! That view my course decided,
I would never give up rhyme;
All our work in life's decided
By the rigid gauge of time;
Yet the planets all together
Run a rhythmic race,
With a sunbeam for a tether
Holding each in place;
Let prosaic folk remember
Every one,
That their world hangs from an ember
Called the sun.

Autumn.

SEPTEMBER.

The Autumn is the gayest time
Of all the joyous year,
When fruit and grain are in their prime,
And lovely moonlight seems sublime,
When balmy days are clear
And pleasant winds appear.

OCTOBER.

The Autumn is the finest far
Of all the seasons four,
When trees and thickets tinted are,
And sunset's glory gleams afar,
Along the wooded shore
And leafy valleys o'er.

NOVEMBER.

Delicious is the Autumn air,
From Summer's heat to snow,
Mountains and maidens are more fair
When falling leaves leave forests bare.
And frosty breezes blow,
And wild birds southward go.

A Rhyme for Thanksgiving.

The frequent falling of a lonely leaf,—
The chilly stillness of the fading day,—
The banded blackbirds following their chief
In countless flocks to Southern scenes away,—
The brown nuts dropping to their leafy bed
'Neath vivid quilts by fallen foliage made,—
The dreary marsh with flags and flowers dead,—
The mantling mist that marks the wat'ry
glade,—
The brilliant beauty of the mottled wood
That, blushing, owns the Frost King's stripping
rule,—
The ice rimmed margin of the mimic flood
Where meeting runlets form a reedy pool,—
The brimful storehouse of the careful bees,—
The biting coldness of the sunset blast,—
All these the farmer's urchin feels and sees,
And shouts—"Thank Goodness! Winter's
coming fast."

The thankful farmer folds his arms and scans
The stubbled surface of his well-gleaned farm.
Prosperity has loved his labored plans,
And bounteous Plenty waited on his arm;
His harvest home, e'en from the farthest fields,—
A foreign flush his sunburnt face beguiles,
Proud of the power that willing labor wields

He turns him to his bursting barn and smiles,
The grisly thicket of his bristling beard
Moves like the matted grass by ploughshare
rent,
With growing glee he says: ' The time's appeared
At last, when I can almost be content,—
Secure from frost and storm, from drouth and
tide,
Of every crop I've housed a wondrous store,
My stock has thriven, the fowls have multiplied.
Thank Providence! The season's safely o'er."

The happy housewife briskly flits about
Like sunshine on a changeful Summer day,
And as she sets the laden table out
She hums the burden of a homely lay,
And presently her murmur blooms in chords
That cling and cluster 'round that dear word,
"Home."
The feast prepared, she straightway speaks in
words
Of sweet authority, for all to "come":
With tender pride she sees them hasten in,
Till all her blooming household heed the sound,
And ere the grandsire's grateful thanks begin
She glances buoyantly the board around,—
"Where will you find a happier home?" says she,
"And where, more hearty, comfortable cheer?
The present holds the highest joy for me.
Thank Heaven! all our flock's assembled here."

The old man holds his grandchild on his knee,
Bathed in the beauty of the setting sun,—
Just budding into lovely youth is she,
For him eternal youth's almost begun,
As gracefully he bows his gracious head
A solemn hush pervades the merry crowd,
He asks God's blessing on their daily bread
And on the circling group around him bowed,
And then he says—"Thank God above!
For all the mercies of the pleasant past,
Thank Him for this dear moment's life and love
And for the future,—soon to be the past;—
Beyond the gleam of yonder sunset glow
Eternal glory gathers like a flood,
There, endless joys forever onward flow,
Thank God! "The gracious Giver of all good."



Winter.

DECEMBER.

I love the early winter days
When transient snow flakes fly,
When healthy frost paves walks and ways
And bracing gusts blow high ;
When starry lights through long cold nights
In myriad throngs appear,
Field, lake and stream with crystals gleam
O'er mountain, mead and mere.

JANUARY.

I love the middle winter days,
Still bright with Christmas cheer,
When men amend their former ways
To start another year,
When whirlwinds roam around our home
And all within is gay,
Or sleigh bells ring, and maiden's sing
Along the moonlit way.

FEBRUARY.

I love the later winter days,
The coldest of them all,
When sunshine has no warming rays
And frost bears strongest thrall ;
The tempest's roar resounds no more
Upon the startled ear,
The cold moon looks down on my books
And Nellie sitting near.

Nightfall in December.

All the sky looks bleak and dreary,
Thick with clouds that cluster low;
Fitful blasts, shrill, sharp and eerie,
Through the leafless forests blow;
Fickle sunlight seldom glances
Through the curtains of the West,
Like the reticent advances
Of a shy, retiring guest.

Harvest fields erstwhile so mellow,
Now are solid as a stone;
Pasture lands are sere and yellow,
Marsh and mire to rock have grown;—
As the whistling winds sweep over
Reedy fells and orchard trees,
E'en the clumps of thrifty clover
Droop before the frosty breeze.

All the silent pools are hiding
'Neath a coat that coldly gleams;
Little flocs in fleets go riding
Down the ice-embordered streams;—
Suddenly a corn stack tumbles—
Blown to fragments at my feet,
And a mouse whose homestead crumbles
Shivers in a gust of sleet.

Gloomy shadows meet together,
In mysterious forms they float;
Soon 'tis hard to answer whether
Earth or Heaven's the more remote;
As I walk I scarce remember
Where to step or what to shun,—
Truly this is dark December
And the winter is begun.

The Snowy Gloaming.

Our three elms stand brown and bare
'Mid the chilly, stilly air
Of the day;
Grassy fields are dry and old,
Trodden ground is hard and cold,
Birds and beasts of wood and wold—
Gone are they,
And yon mountain outlines bold
Fade away.

Twilight darkness comes with speed
Over moorland, marsh and mead,
Dim and drear;
All the thickets by the rill—
All the orchards on the hill—
All the groves that seem so still—
Disappear;
And the clouds all ether fill
Densely near.

Soon the fences file away
In a noiseless, ghostly way
From the light;
Then the homestead windows throw
Radiant gleams that flit and glow—
Glancing brightly to and fro
Through the night;
And the air is full of snow
Thickly white.

Wide it covers hill and plain
Like an ermine counterpane
 Deftly spread;
O'er the frozen river where
Growling waters hidden tear
At the bond that binds them there
 In their bed,
And the pine with list'ning air
 Bends its head.

O'er the dusty, dismal town
Softly, swiftly sinking down
 From on high;
Over every wicked haunt—
Sinks and slums where vices flaunt—
Nests of sin that taunt and daunt
 Passers by,
Spots where hunger, grim and guant
 Sitteth nigh.

O'er the level vacant moor
Where the hapless vagrant poor
 Lowly lie;
And the undulating dale
Where the shafts serene and pale
Ever tell the same old tale
 Pointing high;
Earthly life is brief and frail,
 Man must die.

But the sun will shine again,
By and by the deepest glen
 Will be warm;
Frost and snow will melt away,
Birds will sing and zephyrs play,
Flowers bloom and tendrils sway,
 Bees will swarm;
Blossoms, too, will strew the way
 In a storm.



The Early Snow Storm.

Reluctant darkness slowly goes
Before approaching dawn,
And all day long one scarcely knows
That night has surely gone,
The mountains reach the leaden sky,
While clouds adown the valley hie
And kiss the iron ground;
Our cottage seems a lonely thing,
The bleak horizon's narrow ring
So closely gathers 'round,
And blasts that make the casements shake
Come rushing o'er the vale,
While all the bursting cloudlets break
In snow and sleet and hail.

The children hasten from their beds
With many a merry shout,
Because the whistling tempest spreads
The drifting snow about,
In pleasant programmes they indulge
And schemes of strategy divulge
Arent snow huts and forts,
And ere they patter down the stair
They've settled plans to pass a year
In joyous winter sports;
But mother keeps them safe and fast,
Though she gets little peace,
With wishings that the storm would last,
And wishings it would cease.

A Winter Serenade.

Love, the moon shines bright
With a mellow light

Far away over hill and dale,
And the crispy snow
Sets the scene aglow

Like a sheeny bridal veil;
But night is night, though light it be,
Unless your bright eyes beam on me.

No presumptuous breeze
Stirs the grave old trees

With a whistle or caress,
From ravine to height
All the world's in white

Like an ample bridal dress;
But noisy throbbings fill my ear
Unless your gentle voice I hear.

All the road is still
To yon distant hill

Through the pine-grove's fragrant arch,
All's serene without
Yet my heart beats out

Like a thrilling wedding march;
For me no solitude is fine
Unless your hand is clasped in mine.

Love: my sleigh awaits
Twixt your open gates,

Will you nestle at my side?
And our steeds will fly
While the bells ring high

Like the journey of a bride;
But by your father's hearth abide
Unless this be a wedding ride.

Santa Claus's Ride.

Stout Santa Claus cheerily cracks his whip
As he skims away o'er the hidden heather,
Fur-clad to his furthest finger tip,
He gleefully laughs at the Winter weather,
Though the wind comes cold
From the mountains bold
Like a pittance doled with a miser's pity,
And the crusted snow
Spreads an icy glow
O'er the valley low and the sleeping city;
Yet he sings a song as he spins along
While his jingling bells gaily tinkle together,
And this is the strain of his rude refrain
Which he shouts amain in the teeth of the weather,
"Away and away, ere the dawn of day
We have visits to make many miles away,
And calls where we've never sent warning.
'Tis a long year and drear since a frolic we've had,
So the poor and the sad shall be merry and glad
In the light of the Christmas morning."

He rushes along over field and fen
While the snow-dust rises in shining sparkles.
And flits like a flash through glade and glen
And adown the pass where the forest darkles.
Though the country rings
With the songs he sings,
Yet Old Echo's wings ever lag behind him,—
Like the sun's lost star
All his lost words are
Ever following far, yet they never find him,

For he cleaves the night with the speed of light
With his tinkling bells and mellifluous laughter;
And he slaps his knee in a gush of glee
As these phrases free hasten briskly after,
“Then away like a wink, ere the moon shall sink,
We must lighten our load where the little ones think
They will watch to catch Santa Claus napping;
But my messengers’ pinions will pause as they fly,
And close up every eye, be it sleepy or spry,
Then I’ll rustle in without rapping.”

With a shout he rapidly hurries past
Where the mill-wheel rests ’neath its icy mounting,
And the mill-wife dreams of times long past
When howling wolves were past killing or counting;
Then the silent charm
Of the quiet farm
Breaks with strange alarm at the apparition,
And the watch-dogs bay
Many miles away
As along the way sweeps the vocal vision,
And the lonely cot in the woodland lot
Seems to rattle and ring with the ghostly greeting,
While the woodman who hears to himself mutters
fears
That the noises are cheers from the witches’ wild
meeting,
Shouting—“Up and away, never pause to play,
We’ve so many to see ere the coming of day
With our burdens of pleasure and treasure,—
For the many we’ve goods, and for some we have gold,
And for young and for old we’ve ‘the story of old’
How He loved us all beyond measure.”

As the old chap whirls, like a wizard weird,
Over frozen fells and through leafless thickets,
The icy spears on his bushy beard
Project, when he laughs, like a row of pickets;
Soon he rumbles down
From the hill-tops crown
To the sleepy town, and comes up all standing
By a cosy cot
In a shady spot
'Mid a meadow lot near the river landing,
Then he slings a pack on his bulky back
And springs to the roof like a frost-spangled fairy,
And descends from view down the chimney flue
With a footing true and a vision wary.
And he fills the hose till they tear at the toes,
And kisses the baby farewell ere he goes
With a bound like a ball to the shingles,
Then he quickly returns to his journey again
While he rattles amain his own song and refrain,
And he grins with delight till he tingles.

His gallant team speedily rushes about,—
And they need but a word to fly fast, or walk slowly;
Many mansions he scales on his serpentine route,
But he oftenest enters the rooms of the lowly.
For he loves to go
Where the embers glow
On a numerous row of stockings in sizes,
And his bosom swells—
As his fancy tells
All the joy that dwells in his pack of prizes:—

And the rosy flush of the morning's blush
Just appears o'er the hills as his last visit's over,
Then he whisks away with his empty sleigh
While a watchman astray gazes after the rover;
As his lashes crack on his homeward track,
He leaves many behind who will welcome him back,
For he numbers his lovers by legions.
And he'll hasten here with his cargo of cheer
When he wakens once more, after sleeping a year,
In his home in the Polar Regions.



A Windy Winter Night.

THIS is truly very cold without,—
Fierce blasts go booming by,—
And scattered clouds in rapid rout
Scud swiftly o'er the sky.

The ground is thinly clad with snow,
In many spots blown bare
Where hoary grass that slept below
Now trembles in the air.

The scene seems like a work of art
By some great Master made,
Whose sky is but earth's counterpart
Composed of light and shade.

The ridge that bounds the Western view
Far as the eye can rove,
Stands grandly forth more darkly blue
Than anything above.

The moon sweeps on through ether gray
Above the tempest's roar,
Like a cold maid who turns away
From love forevermore.

The forest trees whose bare arms clasp
The winds that whistle by,
Stoop as though starting from earth's grasp
To warmer climes to fly,

'Mid the bleak storm the cedars sing
A loud prophetic tune,—
The resurrection days of Spring
Are surely coming soon.

'Tis Christmas season—on the land
Good will is full and free,
But only God can lend a hand
This night to those at sea.



The Snowstorm in the Grove.

The spotless snow comes softly down,
And hides the ground, erst hard and brown
Beneath a cover purely white
Of flakes that glimmer in their flight
Like crystals from celestial stars,
Set free 'mid planetary jars.

In myriad numbers too they fall,
Some very large,—some very small,—
But each distinct from all the rest,
With its own character impressed,
Like human things they hurry past,
And lodge with Mother Earth at last.

Sparrows and rabbits go astray,
Their ancient landmarks all away—
Deeply concealed—they know not where—
By snow that still loads earth and air,
Till e'en the stream they knew so well
Seems but a pathway through the dell.

The forest trees that thickly grow
Are beautifully clad with snow,
No longer standing gaunt and bare
With arms upraised as though in prayer
For leaves to come,—the downy fall
In splendid robes enwraps them all.

Though icy cold the snow-drops swarm,
Yet all the frozen soil they warm;
The carpet that they deftly spread
For frosty Winter's heavy tread
Saves feeble life and makes it whole,—
As pure religion does the soul.



Lines for the Burns Supper of 1876.

Frae Lowland mead, frae Highland moor,
Frae lonely craig, frae loch's still shore,
Frae bristling rocks where billows roar
An' salt spray blaws aboot;
Frae peacefu' stream, frae stormy firth,
Frae busy toon, frae shieling hearth,—
Ay, -Aiblins were ye're place o' birth
The wicked warld without,
Ye'll find no rude distinctions here,
But ilka mon's "a trusty fier"
An' welcome to our canty cheer
Like lads o' "Auld Lang Syne,"
If but his soul wi' ardor burns
As to the land o' Cakes he turns
An' greets a bit o'er Robby Burns,
Auld Scotia's Bard Divine.

Frae Scottish ports, on ilka side,
Braw lads gang forth on ilka tide
To destinations far an' wide
Scattered aboon the earth;
Some spread the Gospel tidings far,
Some lead the lave in bluidy war
Some deal wi' heathen folk afar
An' get their money's worth,
An' be their bags wi' siller stored
Or hae they gowd in mony a hoard
Or be their saftest bed a board
Their coverlet the sky,

This nicht true Scots, where'er they roam,
On solid land or fleeting foam,
All fondly rue the childhood's home
They've lang since left for aye.

The bonny burn they paidlit through
The starry sky, nane else sae blue,
The purple heather bright wi' dew,
The gowans on the brae,
The auld folk by the ingle neuk,
The warkfu' mither's loving luik,
The merry bairn's, the Sacred Buik,
The prayers at gloaming gray—
Wi sic like scenes their bosoms swell
As Burns's varse they sing and tell
While Fancy answers Music's spell,
An' each auld neebor yearns.
An' "mon wi mon the wide warld o'er"
Though born on mony a distant shore
"Shall brithers be" till this nicht's o'er
For love of Robert Burns.



Will You Be My Valentine ?

Sweetheart, when young tendrils twine,
Will you be my valentine?
When the fragrant breezes speed
O'er the orchard and the mead,
And the honey-suckles nod
To the blooming clover sod?
Tell me, darling, sweet and low,
Ere the winter moon sinks low.

When the luscious cherries shine,
Will you be my valentine?
When the yellow grain-fields bend
To the kiss the woodlands send,
And censorious comments warn
All the prim and upright corn?
Answer, dearest, soft and low,
As we skim across the snow.

When rich clusters grace the vine,
Will you be my valentine?
When the jealous hazes hide
Mountain top and dingle side,
And Earth's ripened products pass
Gladly to the shelt'ring grass?
Whisper tenderly 'tis so,
Ere from out the grove we go.

When the frosty days decline,
Will you be my valentine?
When the stars drop tears of snow
On the naked earth below,
And the glassy lake replies
To the glances of the skies?
Breathe into my ear, just so,
While the sleigh-bells jingling go.

See, I hold your hand in mine,
Will you be my valentine?
When the seasons come and go
Swift for weal and slow for wo,
And the years like steps ascend
To the love that knows no end?
What you said, I do not know,
But I'm sure it was not "No!"



Mary's Valentines.

When the short wintry day was o'er,
A comely maiden sat before
A table, where lay spread
Three valentines, of style and hue
Quite dainty,—forth the first she drew,
And laughingly she read:
"Oh! Lady, I would be a flower,
To die in fragrance on your breast;
Or a chaste star, at midnight hour
To kiss your eyelids while you rest;
Or a soft breeze, at mid-day fair
To lift the ringlets of your hair
And whisper tender wishes there."

'Twas signed with a romantic name;
She knew who sent it just the same,
And fixed it in her mirror's frame,
In future to amuse;
Then smiling sweetly, took apart
A second "herald of the heart,"
And found amid that work of art
These verses to peruse:
"Fair Damsel, would that you might need
A champion bold, or warrior true,
By brave emprise to win the meed
Of laurel wreaths, and smiles from you;
Against all comers I would stand,
Your doughty knight with sword in hand,
To do, or die, at your command."

This was subscribed by "Roderick Dhu,"
Full well the clerkly hand she knew,
And that "a cloth-yard shaft" he drew
That ne'er was dipped in gore;—
She put this one away with care,
Then with an interested air
Took up the last epistle there,
And these lines pondered o'er:
"Dear Mary, I have loved you long,
And I will love you evermore,
My heart is stout, my arm is strong,
I am not versed in lover's lore.
Nor flowing phrases can I bring,
But if my suit is no vain thing
I pray you wear this little ring."

She kissed the name below,—twas "John,"
And hid it where her brooch went on,—
Or somewhere thereabout,—
The circlet fitted very well,
And in a reverie she fell,
Until the light went out.



And so was I.

A Human life's a changeful tale,
More strange than any book I know;
We live two lives,—one like the gale,
And one, the deep sea down below.
Now here am I, and there's my wife,
We've seen romance in days gone by,
And love each other more than life,
Though she is old and so am I.

The evening of Saint Valentine,
Two score and more of years ago,
I asked my sweetheart to be mine,
While moonlight shone on crusted snow.
I kissed her by her father's gate,
Suit nor salute did she deny;
But sagely said we'd have to wait;
For she was young and so was I.

I waited—I thought—long enough,
Perhaps about a year or so;
But then her father was so gruff,
And told me I must let her go.
He had hard struggling from the start,
That plan his daughter should not try;
Better for both of us to part,
For she was poor and so was I.

I sought my fortune in the West,
Where fortunes as in fables grow;
But though I strove with manly zest,
My growth in riches was but slow:
When once again I sought the East,
My whilom sweetheart seemed quite shy,
We met and passed like nun and priest,
For she was wed,—and so was I.

We met again in after years;
She wore the sable garb of woe,
And looked so lovely in her tears
I thought I never loved her so;
I gently sought to soothe her grief,
She pressed my hand and heaved a sigh,—
All earthly happiness is brief,
She was bereft, and so was I.

We both had loved our consorts well
While they were with us here below,
Nor ever troubled them to tell
Of scenes as vague as last year's snow;—
Now they were happy,—we were free,
And thought it well once more to try,
So my old sweetheart married me,
Then she was glad,—and so was I.

Spring.

MARCH.

When the mighty gales come sweeping,
And the fitful blasts go leaping,
While the sullen clouds seem keeping
Snow and sleet and rain from falling;
Then the river ice is breaking,
And the frozen ponds are quaking
As the waterfalls are waking,
E'en the little brooks are brawling:—
Bright and green the moss appears
Through the melting snow-drift's tears,
And the bluebird's song is heard;—
Through the soul these things are borne;—
So the heart, by troubles torn,
Feels a kindly deed or word.

APRIL.

When the fields but now so yellow
Turn to pastures green and mellow,
And the robin seeks his fellow
In the willows by the river;
In the west the storm-cloud lowers,
And the early springing flowers
Glisten, wet with passing showers;—
Countless dripping leaflets quiver,
As the sunshine, bright and warm
Follows fast the recent storm,
And the vagrant zephyrs blow;—
Then this world seems full of bliss
As a maiden's tender kiss;—
Notwithstanding want and wo.

MAY.

When the dusky dawn is ringing,
With the birds' tumultuous singing,
And the coming morn is flinging

Bright fore-runners of its glory
All the wide horizon over;
While the fragrant blossoms cover
Orchard trees and fields of clover;

Then we learn the ancient story,
Earthly bloom needs heavenly light,
Ere its perfectness delight,

Or its flowers fruitage bring;
Brief and precious is the scope
Of the joyful time of Hope,—
Time of promise,—gentle Spring.



Address to a Blade of Grass.

I doubt not if you only knew
How hard this world would be with you,
Poor inoffensive stranger;
How you'd be trodden under foot,
And cut with steel clear to your root,
And all your life in danger
From bird and insect, beast and man,—
The changes of a season's span,—
And every kind of weather;—
You'd seek some subterranean cell,
And gladly bid a long farewell
To light and life together.

Bright, tender, early, peeping thing,
First swordsman of advancing spring,
Cleaving your snowy cover,
Your valiant blade thrust not too fast—
A smell of Winter's on the blast—
And frost is not yet over;
The white snow fleeing from the light
Becomes black ice in early night,
Already 'tis congealing;
So breathing blades oft find, like you,
Before their Summer day is through,
A coldness 'round them stealing.

Indeed, green sprig, I think I see
A parity 'twixt you and me
Which brings us close together,
And for my own sake then, I'll try
To make your hillock warm and dry,
And hide you from bad weather;
And then mayhap some being rare,—
To me unseen—that roves through air
While I to earth am holden,
May cover me from storm and blast,
And bring me safely through at last
To Light serene and golden.

Ah, yes, young friend, your shoot foretells
The tinkle of the cattle bells,
Green pastures and fresh flowers;
The rustling fields, the whispering rills,
The leafy forests on the hills,
The birdlings in their bowers;
So one more look before I go,
The clouds of night hang dense and low,
Like ships that sail deep-laden,
I see in you with loving eyes
The sweetest thing beneath the skies—
A fair and modest maiden.

And thus the truth comes home to me,
In you a type of love I see,
 True, earnest, everlasting;
An emblem too, of life, you seem,—
Without your family I deem
 The world would soon be fasting:
And when the autumn days come on,
The neutral hues of age you don
 Your seed about you sending;—
Like us, to earth your body goes,
In silent slumber to repose
 Till God shall give it ending.

Life, Love and Immortality
Thus seen, become reality,
 My lowly fellow being;
And as the hurrying night comes fast
I rise to leave your side at last,
 Your leaf no longer seeing;
My thoughts then take a wider range,—
Your origin and structure strange
 Suggest a revelation;
To this conclusion then I pass
I see in just one blade of grass
 God and his whole creation.

The Crocus Spell.

Down where the mountain rill
Splashes the plain
Bright sparkling fountains spill
Showers of rain.
Ragged rocks, hurling foam,
Mar the pool's face,
White bubbles whirling roam
After their race;
There rippling billows end
Lost in dry sedge,
Bare, leafless willows bend
O'er the pool's edge,
Sportive fish travel where
'Neath the clear stream
Pebbles and gravel rare
Glisten and gleam.

Snow-wreaths in thickets deep
Weeping abide,
Cedars like pickets creep
Up the hill side,
Ramparts of bristling stone
Bar the North blast,
March's rude whistling tone
Seldom flies past,

Meadow lands serenely bare,
Yellow and dry,
All most austerely stare
At the gray sky,
Sturdy trees, raising arms
Naked and drear,
Dot all the grazing farms
Distant and near.

Close to that purling stream,
Under a tree,
Crocus blooms curling gleam
Pleasant to see:—
“Maiden so dutiful,
Pitcher in hand,
Read from this beautiful
Leaf in my hand.”
“White is for Purity,
Blue is for Truth,
Green for futurity,
Also for youth.”
Then say I—“Crocus Blue,
This much is sure,
Love shall aye yoke us two,
Young, True and Pure.”

After the Blossom Storm.

Yon orchard blossomed yesterday
Like some magnificent bouquet
In fragrant glory blooming;
The springing grass shone darkly green
With shifting spaces trees between
A sunnier shade assuming.

A storm arose at eventide,
The whirlwind blew on every side
With power fierce and lusty,—
Till early dawn the tempest roared,
The rain in dashing torrents poured,
The night was drear and gusty.

To-day the air is calm and clear,
No blossoms on the trees appear,
The orchard grass is lying
'Neath blossom leaves that still exhale
Through bruises made by rain and gaie
Aroma rare, though dying.

Though flowers are gone the trees remain,
All brighter for the recent rain
And gay with verdant lustre,
And on their boughs fresh fruit appears,
With apple trees of future years
Concealed in bunch and cluster.

The Maiden's Argoſy.

What can it be? What can it be?
Speeding from far o'er the glistening
sea;

Stray fleece of cloud, or wind-driven spray,
Mate seeking bird or fairy-like fay;
Steadily nearing the sea-bordered lea,
What can it be? What can it be?

What can it be? What can it be?
Eager birds chase it in carolling glee—
Passing the lightship, and clearing the spit,
Soaring far faster than wishes can flit,
Hitherward hastening, speeding to me—
What can it be? What can it be?

What can it be? What can it be?
And what is it bearing so swiftly to me,
Message of hope, or warrant of fears,
Rich freight of joy or burden of tears?
Or is it a wraith wending homeward to me?
What can it be? What can it be?

What can it be? What can it be?
Bringing sweet odors from spice-margined sea?
A scrap of a love song, a curl of brown hair,
A glance of an eye, and a smile fond and rare,
Shaping its fleeting directly toward me—
What can it be? What can it be?

What can it be? What can it be?
Sparkling and radiant, blithesome and free;
A bit of bright sunshine, a scrap of blue sky,
A tender heart-prayer, and a tremulous sigh
With a true lover's kiss from my Johnny to me,
Sent over the sea, far over the sea.

To Orange Mountain.

From thy bright summit, azure range,
How grand the view must be
Of pleasant grove and peaceful grange,—
Of vessels bearing colors strange,
And cities by the sea.

From thy bright summit, sunny ridge,
When silent night steals nigh,
The brilliant sunset builds a bridge
Athwart the azure sky.

On thy bold summit, mountain height,
When eventide has come,
Thy twinkling lamps with stars unite
To form a thoroughfare of light
To Heaven's distant dome.

On thy bold summit, verdant mount,
When midnight moonlight shines,
Then gleams afar thy hidden fount
That flows among the vines.

On thy fair summit, lovely hill,
When morning mists arise,
The sunbeams all thy forests fill,
While yet the vale is cold and chill,
And still in slumber lies.

On thy fair summit, O Watchung!
I could forever gaze;—
But ah! 'twould take an angel's tongue
To fitly sing thy praise.

The Villa Site.

Where the apple boughs bend low
And the sweetest blossoms blow,
Where the blue birds sing in the early Spring
And the morning-glories grow.

Where the cloudy shadows flee
O'er the banquet of the bee,
And the fountain shoots through the twisted
roots
Of the sturdy greenwood tree.

Where the clover loves to grow
'Mid the buttercups' rich glow,
And the daisies drink at the brooklet's brink
As the bubbles dancing go.

Where the robins build their nest
And no danger dare molest,
And the spreading pool in the evening cool
Wears the stars upon its breast.

Where the blushing roses gleam
In the sun's last slanting beam,
And the light and shade by the young moon
made
Seem the pictures of a dream.

Where the silver moonlight shines
Through the honeysuckle vines,
And the dew-drops gem every swaying stem
As the night winds stir the pines.

Where the lane winds through the dell
There my bride and I will dwell,
For my bird is won when my cage is done
And the builders build it well.

A Girl's Reverie.

Mid ferns and flowers I recline,
While birds flit to and fro
Through coverts hid by tree and vine
Whose shoots and tendrils twist and twine,
Where mountain breezes blow
And mountain streamlets flow.

In pensive silence I look down
Through noontide's sultry glare,
And gaze upon the distant town
Whose very spires with dust are brown,
And tremble in the air
Like mother's anxious prayer.

The burning road winds lone and still
Across the torrid plain,
The brook creeps past the idle mill,
The mowers seek the wooded hill,
The farmers sigh for rain
To save their scorching grain.

Men toil amid that heat, 'tis told
By some wee bird to me,
Some toil for bread, some toil for gold,
And one—more brave than knight of old—
With love armed cap-a-pie
Toils on for love of me.

Our Little Star.

One starlight night Janet and I
Stood hand in hand upon a hill,
While searching all the brilliant sky
To find a sphere our hearts to fill;
She chose a star that brightly shone,
Which we might thenceforth call our own.

She said,—when I was far away
'Twould be an omen in the air
That she would seek at close of day
While whispering her evening prayer;—
She paused, and gazed on azure space,
While I looked on her upturned face.

With tender ardor I replied,
That nightly when they beat tattoo
I'd note amid the Heaven's wide
Yon crystal drop of starry dew,
And her petitions pure would be
Prayers in my stead and prayers for me.

And we agreed, when Time should end
And this brief life should be no more,
Thither our joyful flight should tend,
If we might thus together soar;
That spot of all the gleaming dome
Should be our everlasting home,

I went to battlefields afar,
My patriotic zeal to prove;
The planet shone o'er scenes of War,
An emblem of eternal love;
Till a swift comet in its flight
Long hid my orb from human sight.

I spoke no word of dread or fear
To comrade dear or tent-mate true,
But in my soul forebodings drear
Tinged every hope a sombre hue,
For with the meteor's latest ray
I knew Janet would pass away.

'Twas years ago, and yet at night
When all below is hushed in sleep
I watch that twinkling spark of light,
Until with yearning thoughts, and deep,
I almost see her spirit fair
Await my coming over there.

For Decoration Day.

On a beautiful May morning, when fair
flowers were adorning
Hill and valley, wood and meadow, like
the landscapes of the blest;
In a lane I saw a maiden, tripping on with
blossoms laden,
Till beneath a leafy shadow she delayed
awhile to rest.

Mild she was, and unassuming, yet with all so
bright and blooming
That I deemed her an addition to the whole
delightful scene,
And I thought of saints in glory as she told
her artless story
Of the meaning of her mission with fresh
buds and wreaths of green.

"Sir," she said, "here in my pocket I've a
fine old golden locket,
And the likeness from it gazes of a hand-
some man in blue;
Father, he was, of my mother, and there
never was another
More deserving of the praises of the loyal,
brave and true.

“Many times he’d known the rattle, and the
hum, and jar of battle,
Ere he heard the cannons roaring early on
his dying day,
When through all the mountain passes rolled
the swarming gray-clad masses,
In a turbid torrent pouring on the Union
troops at bay.

“Soon they spread out under cover till our
left flank they lapped over,
And their skirmishes were firing at detach-
ments in our rear,
While our front kept backward falling, under
fire both sharp and galling,—
Slowly, sullenly retiring as the foe came
crowding near.

“In a fierce and reckless manner grandsire
waved his starry banner,
Then its staff, he boldly planted in a daisy
covered knoll;
But the blue line, rearward going, left him
there—defiance showing—
While the gray line onward panted with his
standard as their goal.

“By his colors there he halted, in an attitude
exalted
While his fellows still receded and the
enemy drew nigh:
Though the gap grew wide behind him, yet
no comrade seemed to mind him,
But deserted him, unheeded, all alone to
dare and die—

“Then his regiment grew steady—they moved
forward quick and ready;—
Filled with fervid emulation, all the whole
brigade advanced;—
Each command in the division started onward
with decision,
And the army felt elation as their ensigns
onward danced.

“So the colors were not taken, though the
sergeant was forsaken,
But the hostile ranks were broken and de-
feat upon them fell;
When the stars were shining dimly, on that
knoll they laid him grimly,
With a brief rite rudely spoken, where be-
side his flag he fell.

“There he sleeps, beneath the clover, as the
birds his bed sing over,
And the Stars and Stripes unfading ripple
out upon the breeze;
Union, Liberty and Order, to our farthest
Southern border,
Are as sacred and pervading as beside our
inland seas.

“For his sake, then, I have started for the
 graves of the departed,
 With these decorations floral for each friend-
 less soldier’s tomb,
On this day, with garlands pretty, we display
 grief, pride and pity,
 For the men who fought our quarrel in the
 days of doubt and gloom.”

Thus she finished her narration, and I made
 the observation,
 That the load she trembled under she ought
 not to bear alone,
So we journeyed on together, and I sometimes
 wonder whether
 We shall e’er be long asunder till we reach
 our own grave stone.

By the vernal zephyrs lifted, like a cloud at
 sunset rifted,
 There our splendid emblem floated midway
 in the pleasant air;
Ah! How changed would be the feeling if
 old men beneath were kneeling
 While some strange cross there they noted,—
 hard indeed for them to bear.

Well, we took plants, blooms and creepers to
 the City of the Sleepers,
 And we saw committees hover many new-
 made mounds beside,

Then we found our home contingent under
martial law so stringent
That the veterans go over, and report—the
other side.

Year by year these brave men muster in a
small and dwindling cluster,
And the people notice sadly how the boys
in blue turn gray:
As their earthly roll grows shorter they meet
in a better quarter,
Where their tent-mates greet them gladly in
the land of endless day.

It is well their graves to cherish, lest their
memories should perish,
For this busy generation might forget the
deeds they've done;
And this custom, pure and holy, sweetly
speaks of patriots lowly,
And the calm self-abnegation of the men of
Sixty-One.

With a sentiment domestic, patriotic and ma-
jestic,
Let us close;—Oh! May we never in a civil
warfare be,—
May our homes ne'er lack defenders fit to
punish all offenders,
May our country live forever, and our flag
be always free.

Lines for Decoration Day.

We meet to-day to decorate
Our soldiers' graves with flowers,
And vow their way to emulate
Whenever danger lowers;
We gladly call their chieftain's great,
And welcome them with cheers,
For love of all who met dread Fate
Like Union Volunteers.

In dark morass where mosses trail,—
By bayous lone and still,—
In mountain pass where rainbows veil
The limped plunging rill,—
On quagmire's crust, or arid plain,
Afar from human tears,
Interred by dust and leaves and rain,
Sleep Union Volunteers.

In barren sands along the shore
Where ocean billows beat,
In forest lands where men no more
In awful warfare meet,
On slopes remote where battles raged
And warriors fought their peers,
With nought to note who were engaged,—
Lie Union Volunteers.

They loved their soil, their homes, their wives,
Their children, sweethearts, sires;—
Their honest toil brought quiet lives,
And moderate desires;
With high resolve they said farewell
To all that life endears,
Determined Treason to repel
As Union Volunteers.

The few lie here,—the many there
Still slumber where they fell,
Roses and clover blossoms fair
And violets mark them well;
And though so far from home they lie
We give them smiles and tears,
And honor with both shout and sigh
Those Union Volunteers.

But as they bravely bled and died
In agony and pain,
We say to-day with honest pride
They did not die in vain;
For though the thinning legions go
Adown the slope of years,
Freedom and Unity we owe
To Union Volunteers.

Another generation bold
Crowds on the stage of life.
To them the war's a story told
Of other people's strife;
But in their hands our flag will fly
Above all foes and fears,
On them our Nation can rely
For Union Volunteers.

Summer.

JUNE.

In the long days pleasant gloaming,
 'Twixt the sun and stars,
When the soul would fain go roaming
 Free from mortal bars;
Gentle night winds stir the roses,
As the door of daylight closes
 In the Western sky;
And the shades of dusk fall thickly,
As oblivion gathers quickly
 Over men who die;
Tunefully the streamlet's tinkle
 In the leafy grove—
Tallies with the rhythmic twinkle
 Of the orbs above.

JULY.

Distant drowsy bells are telling
 Midnight on the air,
Denizens of field and dwelling
 Slumber everywhere;
Troops of shadows flee to cover,
As the smiling moon peeps over
 Each umbrageous hill;

And amid its lustrous glimmer
Dusky woodland aisles grow dimmer,
And more silent still;
Rills and rivers smile unwrinkled
By the slightest breeze,
While the foliage droops unsprinkled
On the dusty trees.

AUGUST

Crickets chirp and birds are singing
At the break of day,
While the lavish sun is flinging
Streams of tints away;
Busy farmers, brown and burly,
Haste to labor, bright and early,
Ere the day be clear;
Making hillside echoes chatter
With the loudly rattling clatter
Of the reaping gear;
While the gleeful children ramble
'Mid the orchards cool,
Or with laughter splash and gamble
In some quiet pool.

Margaret.

HAIL!

Let me look into your eyes,
Gentle maiden Margaret;
In their depths a secret lies
That I never can surprise,
Nor discover, nor forget;—
Do not harbor, nor abet,
Visitors you will not own;
Lift the curtains higher yet
From those orbs of pansy brown,
While I wistfully look down
Let my ardent gaze be met,
Bonnie lassie Margaret.

Do not smile and turn away,
Gentle maiden Margaret;
Though the night be bright as day—
All unseen we slowly stray
By this lonely rivulet;
Soon the silver moon will set,
Then 'twill be too dark to see,
And I fear I shall regret
That I had not been more free,—
That I let this moment flee,—
That one glimpse I failed to get,
Bonnie lassie Margaret.

Now at last the moon is low,
Gentle maiden Margaret;
There is something I would know
Ere the breeze begins to blow;
Clouds are rising, black as jet,
And I fear 'twill soon be wet;
Like a suitor I pursue
For my equitable debt,
So,—persistently I woo
For one word,—for I love you,—
'Tis enough,—our lips have met,—
Bonnie lassie Margaret.

FAREWELL!

Let me look into your eyes,
True and tender Margaret;
In their depths the love-lights rise
Like the beacons of the skies,
O'er my pathway rough and wet,
While I hear the boding fret
Of the river, dark and lone,
Whence no mortal ever yet
Came to tell what cheer he'd known;
Thither let your glance be thrown
As I near those waves of jet,
Faithful consort Margaret.

Do not weep and turn away,
True and tender Margaret;
Soon with wistful gaze I'll stray
Where the little angels play,
Seeking her we'll ne'er forget,
Whom we lost with such regret
When her sinless soul went free
From the form we dream of yet;—
With what happiness and glee
Your glad coming we will see,
When you've paid earth's final debt,
Faithful consort Margaret.

Now at last my life is low,
True and tender Margaret;
How you hate to let me go,—
And I'm loth to leave you so,—
But your eyes grow dim and set
Through their fringes dripping wet;—
Life will be a cross to you
Till your summons home you get;
Farewell love, my time is through,
Soon we'll meet beyond the blue,
Where you'll wear a coronet.
Faithful consort Margaret.

A Moonlight Picture.

The perfect moon moves through the sky,
Diffusing light afar,
So bright that one can scarce espy
The shimmer of a star.

No cloud bespecks the dome of blue,
Whose edges hem us 'round,
Save at earth's rim a fleecy few
That linger near the ground.

'Mid dark green trees that thickly throng
The chapel glimmers white,
And from its doors a sacred song
Floats out upon the night.

The cricket chirps beneath the rose,
Whose fragrant petals fly,
As through the elm the night breeze blows
With Nature's plaintive sigh.

The mountain on the hither side
Presents a mystic wall;
And yonder sombre groves abide,
Like sentries grim and tall.

Through pasture-lots with dew-drops gay,
And grain-fields fair to see,
The brook pursues its devious way,
While searching out the sea.

Behind the grove the grave-yard lies,
Quite hidden from the sight;
How bright the cold white stones arise
On such a brilliant night!

Beyond the mountain lies a land
By teeming millions held,
With hopes as high and plans as grand
As Time has yet beheld.

Beyond the grass and groves and graves
The clustered cities grace
The ocean's marge, whose current laves
The cradle of our race.

Beyond the barriers of the skies,
Whose radiance spreads abroad,
The undimmed eye of Faith descries
The paradise of God.

Afloat on Newark Bay.

The moon peeps over Bergen Hill,
And gleams athwart the placid bay;
The balmy air's serene and still,
Not even fitful zephyrs play.

The line 'twixt Watchung hills and sky
Is lost in silvery, shimmering haze;
The distant stars seem coy and shy,
And twinkle dimly 'neath our gaze.

Nor croaking owl disturbs the spell,
Nor howling hound destroys the charm;
Nor clangs the steamer's startling bell,
Nor shrieks the rail cars' shrill alarm.

The risen tide is at the flood,
And pauses ere it ebbs again;
Deep silence clings about the wood,
And stillness haunts the grassy plain.

Our little boat has ceased to move,
I lean upon my noiseless oars,
And gaze intently on my love,
Whose glances seek the sedgy shores.

Nor heeds she all my loving pain,
But, in an absent, pensive way,
Her fingers make a pearly rain
With water taken from the bay.

The while she sings. Her plaintive strain
Blends softly with the mellow air,
And wondering echoes strive in vain
To mimic tones so sweet and rare.

Abundant pathos fills her heart,
And lingers in her wistful strain;
"I would to thee my grief impart,"
She sighs, "Ah! parting, love, is pain!"

Her singing o'er, our boat through space
Drifts slowly on the falling tide;
We, who were sitting face to face,
Are closely clinging side by side.

The Mid-Day Dream.

Down in the City's thickest throng,—
Myself among the busiest there,—
A tuneful sound that lingered long
Rang sweetly on the sultry air;
My ear alone its tone could tell,
Though only once I heard its strain,—
It was my native village bell
Whose charming chime seemed come again;
And mem'ry's mirage filled my heart
With sunny scenes of youthful joy,—
'Mid verdant sylvan vales apart
I roamed once more,—a blissful boy.

I saw the stone church firmly stand
Among its builders' sunken graves,
With porthole windows wisely planned
To battle with wild Indian braves;
Above the ancient oaken door
A learned Latin legend ran,
Full many a scholar conned it o'er
And owned himself a vanquished man;
The buttressed belfry higher rose,
A gilded clock on ev'ry side,
And mighty rackets thence arose
On stroke of Twelve at noon-day tide.

Though towering trees the clocks concealed
The ponderous bell hung higher far,
The tower trembled when it pealed
And solid ground seemed all ajar;
Ere rebels rose their King to vex;—
'Twas cast—upon a foreign shore—
While yet we prayed for Georgius Rex,
A century ago and more;
They hung it with a barbecue,
With loyal prayers and lusty cheers,
And well it rang the cycles through,
With peals for joy and tolls for tears.

The slender steeple strove to fit
The dizzy zenith of the sky,
And brave was he who'd dare admit
Another pinnacle so high,
The burnished bell that looked so slight
Would measure fully four-feet-three,
A strolling sailor scaled its height
And said that he could see the sea,
The shifting vane that swiftly paid
Alert obedience to the breeze
Spun on the spire where moonbeams played
When darkness dwelt among the trees.

The Sexton's shoes squeaked protests loud
As hard he hauled the belfry rope,
Laboriously he stretched and bowed,
Till—looking toward the turret cope,—
He saw the bell stand at a poise
A moment's space,—then he let go,—
The bell rang with a deaf'ning noise,
The dangling line danced to and fro;
Once I essayed to pull a peal,
Hand over hand with vigor rare,
Too soon revolved the whirling wheel
And I went whizzing through the air.

I saw the people passing in,
How well each friendly face I knew,
As quietly I walked within
And down the aisle to father's pew;
There sat my sire, a man of grace,
Like some old prophet grave and grand;
There beamed my mother's pensive face,
To me the fairest in the land;
And there were all our ruddy troop,
From baby Bess to burly Ben,
Save me,—I stole among the group,
While mother smoothed my hair again.

I sat in my accustomed seat
Between my mother and the wall,
And noted from that snug retreat
The gathered throng,—I knew them all;
There was old Van—his arms he bore
Askew like any raw recruit,
Clumsy, and conscious that he wore
With Sabbath habits,—Sunday's suit;
The strong and brawny blacksmith came
Perspiring in his checkered coat,
Clean shaven save a stubby frame
Of grizzly whiskers 'round his throat.

And then old Spice who kept the store
And thought this world would shortly end
But skimped and hoarded more and more
While prophet Daniel he'd defend;—
Men meekly bowed to Boniface
Who'd mortgages on half their farms,
His wife swept in with brazen face
And blazing bracelets on her arms;
The swarthy foreigner strode in
Like Gomez in the yellow books,
Some said a Pirate he had been,—
He surely had a Pirate's looks.

The bald and bearded Builder too
Cowered beside his wizzened wife,
He'd married money and a shrew
And rue'd his folly all his life;
And Nimshi with the ruddy nose
Who loved his tap and loathed his trade,
And seldom made a pair of shoes
Because the business never 'paid';
The sturdy butcher with his boys
From whom good children kept aloof,
Whose jolly grins and chattering noise
Provoked the Pastor's stern reproof.

As-glancing at the outer gate—
I saw the Miller's daughter there,
I sharply pulled my collar straight
And slyly stroked my wayward hair,
And as she tripped along the aisle
I felt my face grow fiery red,
And when she smiled with girlish guile
I shyly bowed my burning head;
On her behalf I had become
The bashful butt of kith and kin,
Gladly I heard the bell's last hum
Which hushed the house,—and church was
in.

The choir from their pent-up place
 " Sang to the worship of the Lord,"
And mother's 'air' and father's 'bass'
 " Joined in the song with sweet accord;
The preacher thundered from his perch
 Beneath the booming sounding board,
His accents rolling through the church
 While deacons drowsed and Sexton snored;
A bee came buzzing through the air
 Fresh from the fragrant clover field,
A spider from his rafted lair
 Dropped to the desk and lay concealed.

Through the wide windows opened high
 I saw the heaps of new-mown hay,
The breezy woodland standing nigh,
 The brook, the river and the bay;
I heard the tinkle of the bell
 That showed old Bess was browsing near,
The rapids rushing through the dell,
 The fractious pony's plunge and rear;
Still the slow sermon rumbled on
 Fierce Pharaoh dared the ruddy deep,
Sweet manna Israel fed upon
 While weary I slipped off to sleep.

I felt a sudden startling thrill,—
I heard a strange bewild'ring noise,—
I wondered were I dreaming still,—
Where was the Parson's tireless voice?—
How long I'd slept I could not tell,
But Ah! It had been many a year
Since last the sound of that old bell
Rang sweetly on my listening ear.—
Alas! 'Twas but a mid-day dream,—
How my old heart would jump for joy
If but the life could be the dream
And I would wake to be a boy.



Katy Moore.

I sit and dream beside thy stream,
O fair Passaic River;
Like floating lace o'er beauty's face
Thy dimpling wavelets quiver;
Outspreading trees allure the breeze
Along the sloping shore;
The lovely moon of leafy June
Smiles sweetly as of yore.

Thy silv'ry sheen, 'twixt banks of green,
In light romantic flooded,
Brightly displays thy winding ways
By little vessels studded;
Pearls seem to skip as waters drip
From many a passing oar,
While tender strains and soft refrains
Sound sweetly as of yore,

The ripples reach along thy beach
Like happy, loving laughter,
As waves give place in rapid race
To waves that hurry after;
The twinkling lights on distant heights
Toward starlight seem to soar,
And rich perfume of flowery bloom
Smells sweetly as of yore.

The dusky shades and silent glades
That fringe thy hilly border,
In depths below reflected show
Fair Nature's lovely order;
The planets blest where angels rest
And Deity adore,
In lambent light this quiet night
Smile sweetly as of yore.

I see the grace of form and face
Of one the clover covers;
When she was free I used to be
A friend among her lovers;
In some bright star from Earth afar
Lives gentle Katy Moore,
Whose voice I hear, serene and clear,
Sing sweetly as of yore.

'Tis many years since, 'mid our tears
And yearning farewells spoken,
She took her flight from pain and night
To realms of joy unbroken;
On balmy gales her spirit sails
To Glory's golden shore;
Thy limpid wave that laves her grave
Smiles sweetly as of yore.

Kitty's Walk.

Across the bridge, along the ridge,
And down the shady way,
Young Kitty went when evening lent
A blush to brazen day;
The pansies sweet to kiss her feet
Peeped out among the grass,
And crowding grain bent lower fain
To touch her ere she'd pass.

Wild vines in haste her waist embraced,—
The corn leaves rustled low,
Their bearded spears like grenadiers
Saluting in a row;
Through orchard trees the gentle breeze
Soft whispers to her brought,
And orioles on bosky knolls
Her kind approval sought.

The woodland pool so clear and cool,
By her fair presence blest,
Amid its tide essayed to hide
Her likeness in its breast;
Each globule pleased with ardor seized
Her picture on its face,
And with his bride ran off to hide
In some sequestered place.

A green alcove beside the grove
Fenced in by waving wheat,
'Mid climbing vines and fragrant pines
Contained a rustic seat;
She rested there till cool night air
Came on the balmy breeze,
And starry rays with twinkling gaze
Peered slyly through the trees.

And when the moon rose all too soon
Disclosing sparkling dew,
The longest road to her abode
She slowly sauntered through;—
I saw a shade of man and maid
Before her footsteps thrown,
And so I know she did not go
That lonely way alone.

The Maid of Madison.

At Madison I met a maid
With eyes of bonnie blue
As lovely as a moonlit glade
With water shining through;
Her glossy yellow hair lay smooth
Above her forehead, fair
As those celestial ones who soothe
A saintly christian's prayer.

Her form was neither full nor frail,
But built with rounded grace,
And tall enough to well avail
For such a noble face;
Her winning smile new light revealed,
Like winds o'er growing grain,
Or sunshine on a clover field
Still wet with recent rain.

Her tender voice was soft and sweet
As any purring rill,
And musical as those that greet
The daybreak o'er the hill;
Her dress was modest, plain and neat,
And kept with kindly care,
In every little detail meet
To match her beauty rare.

With innocent, impartial might,
Impressing every eye
Like stars upon a frosty night,
Or mountains in July,
Smiling she came, sedate she went,
Nor did she long remain,
Yet pleasant tenderness she lent
The people on the train.

Oh! If I were a soldier brave,
Renowned in glorious war;
Or if I'd sailed the rolling wave
O'er stormy seas afar;
Or if I were a hunter bold
With courage undismayed,
I'd strive in wedlock's bonds to fold
That bonnie blue-eyed maid.



The Lassie's Ramble.

I've been to the woods where soft breezes blow,
By the bubbling spring where the wild flowers
grow,
Where the whispering leaves murmur mysteries low,
And the birds softly sing 'mid the sunset glow,
And there's languor in the air.

I've been to the brook, in the curtain's shade
That the modest wood of the gloom has made,
Where the sun leaves a kiss, for the young moon
made,
On the smiling face of the stream in the glade,
And the mossy banks are fair.

I've been to the lake where the willow sips
Fickle favors sweet from the wavelet's lips,
Where the swallow oft in his mirror dips,
And the dancing breeze o'er the surface skips,
And rare sweetness lingers there.

I've been to the mead where the lillies bloom,
And the crickets hide 'mid the bending broom,
Where the humming bird flits away with her groom,
And the May-bees drone, and the beetles boom,
And the rabbit seeks his lair.

I've been to the rock on the mountain side,
That the sunlight gilds at the eventide
While valleys green in the twilight hide,
Where the kindling eye ranges far and wide
Through the sheeny summer air.

I've been to the field where the mowers fleet
Make their scythe-blades ring as their journeys meet,
Where the clover dies with a fragrance sweet,
And the long grass clings to the workmen's feet
And the perfume is heavy there.

I've been to the lane where the twin oak trees
'Mid the wild vines stand, like a maid to her knees
In the swaying grass: There the lover flees
When the rising moon o'er the hill he sees;—
And somebody met me there.

The Rustling Corn.

There is a sound I love to hear,
Mysterious, sweet and low,
When summer nights are calm and clear,
And cooling breezes blow;
The rustling whisper 'tis that goes
Among the cornfield's stately rows.

Those rhythmic murmurings that fall
Upon the quiet air,
The joyous days of youth recall,
Before the years of care;
And melancholy memory flies,
To bring the past before my eyes.

The gentle melody I hear
Of voices fond and true, —
I see the glances bright and dear
From eyes of starry hue, —
And almost feel the tender charm
Of fingers resting on my arm.

In this fair world we meet and part
Like corn-leaves in a breeze;
The friends that filled my youthful heart
Have flown as night-wind flees,
The dearest one long since went home
Beyond the realms whence breezes come.

The corn is buried year by year
Beneath the upturned ground,
And every year the grain is here
In fruitful beauty found;
So in a field of rustling corn
I see the resurrection morn.



The Lost Star.

A brilliant planet gleamed on high
Throughout the silent night,
The brightest star of all the sky
In chaste and lovely light,
And beamed upon the edge of day
Almost till noontide's fiercest ray.

She moved upon her stately way
Around the central sun,
Through groups of stars her orbit lay,
But never touched she one;
While satellites, with her in view,
Went circling through eternal blue.

At midnight, in a wooded dell
Still as a falling flake,
The radiance of that planet fell
Upon a limpid lake,
And through its crystal bosom shone
Down to its heart of solid stone.

Reflected in the pearly deep,
Unvexed by breeze or foam,
I saw a blazing comet sweep
Athwart the studded dome;
That queenly star leaped from her place
And lost herself in his embrace.

A moment and the lonely lake
Sparkled with stellar light,
Like that which marks a vessel's wake
At sea,—amid the night,—
And then the shade that filled the wood
Engirt the water where I stood.

I looked up from the forest dim,—
The comet still sped on,—
My planet's place was dark and grim,
The satellites were gone;
Searching the sky,—I saw afar,
The flicker of a falling star.



A Serenade.

The harvest moon shines brightly,
The corn leaves rustle slightly,
The pleasant breeze blows lightly
O'er forests, fields and flowers;
The brimming lake lies gleaming,
Its glossy surface beaming,
A crystal jewel seeming
Amid the woodland bowers.

The universe is sleeping,
No jealous eye is peeping,
And I my tryst am keeping
Beside the cedar thicket;
My boat waits where the willow
Droops to the gentle billow,
Then darling leave your pillow
And ope your lattice wicket.

Then yield to my entreating,
And glad will be our meeting,
For time and tide are fleeting
Although they run forever;
Then floating like a feather
Borne through this balmy weather,
We'll sail away together
And love each other ever.

Some One.

Bobolink, by river-brim,
Sweetly sing,
While the fickle swallows skim,
Fleet of wing;
Warble, with impetuous vim,
Ere the day grows dusk and grim,
And through thorny thickets dim,—
Bobolink,—
Sad responses to your hymn,
From some fallen forest-limb,
In the twilight seem to swim,
Bobolink,
As the Whippoorwill's refrain,
Resonant with pensive pain,
Does most plaintively complain,
Bobolink,
Breathing of some secret sight,
Far to drear to bear the light,
Sounding, therefore, knell at night,
Bobolink.

Whistle, Robin, in the wood,
Gushingly,
Ere you fly afar for food,
Rushingly,

Whistle to your mate and brood,
Till the quail, in quibbling mood
Answers with his burlesque rude,

Robin,
Captiously his notes intrude,
With his self-conceit imbued,
Queerly-voiced and serenely hued,

Robin,—
Where your leaping strains rebound
Harsh and rough his pipings sound
Startling all the air around,

Robin,—
Yet his faithful flock can see
In his barren mockery
Only merry melody,
Robin.

Oriole, on orchard tree,
Trill and troll,
Let your carols, ringing free,
Shrilly roll,
Rattle on mellifluously,
Jubilant, and joyously,
Even most vociferously

Try to crow,
Till an imp, imperiously,
Cawing most mysteriously,

Sounding very seriously
Like a Crow,
In a marring monotone
Like some dark, accursed crone,
Squawks his solo—all alone—
'Tis a Crow,—
And. Behold you! Oriole,
As those croaks discordant roll,
Such is music, to the soul
Of a Crow.

All the birds of earth and air
Quickly hush,
As the sounds of singing rare
Thickly rush
From the arbor on the hill;—
From the maiden of the mill
Wells such songs as beak or bill
Never made,
And the birds sit mute and still
While the Beauty's ballads fill
List'ning space with tones that thrill
Every glade;
Birdlings, well may ye rejoice
In the splendor of her voice,
Sure, were tones than hers more choice,
Never made;
Should you hap, by charming chance,
In the glory of her glance,
Then you'd feel the brightest trance
Ever made.

When the sun sets in a glow,
Royally,
And the modest moon peeps low,
Loyally;
As the evening zephyrs blow,
Then that lassie's sonnets grow
Tender-toned and gently low,
For Some One;—
While the leaflets whisper so
Sibilantly to and fro,
Sure that all the world shall know
Of Some One,
Then the Katydids begin,
And the Crickets all join in,
Telling tales in direful din
Of Some One,—
As I leave my prostrate plough
Some One waits 'neath apple bough,
Blushes blooming on her brow—
For Some One.



Daybreak on the Seashore.

'Tis night, but almost day,
Alone I stand between the silent land
And the outspreading sea. All breathing things
Are wrapped in slumber's mystery, save me;
Above me hangs the murky sky of night
Which looms in heavy masses scarce relieved
By the soft brilliance of the few pale stars
That see their own reflection in the passive sea
And coyly then retreat behind the veil.
As pensively I turn about and look
At God's majestic works on every side,
While standing on the beach, a living speck
Surrounded by a vast infinity of space,
I feel the puny littleness of man.
And as I ponder, to me comes the thought
That this great planet which we call our own
(Because we're rooted to it like the grass)
Compared to all the universe about,
Is but a moistened pebble spinning on
Its circling journey 'round our little sun,
Which is itself nought but a glowing spark
Amid a system of revolving worlds.
As thus I meditate the morning breeze
Sluggish and chill shakes down the heavy dew
From trees and bending grass, the whisp'ring sea
Sends little billows gently rippling up
The sloping smoothness of the sandy beach.
And presently the ocean's breath comes in—
Not ruggedly and bold as is its wont

Vexing the waters with its boisterous play
And dripping with a load of salty spray,—
But gently skipping like a waking smile
Across the surface of old Neptune's face.
The circle of my vision grows apace
And all the clouds above begin to move,
And then the dusky rim that marks the spot
Where clouds and billows met in unison
Is lifted up, and from the distant sea
A glowing mass of rainbow tints upshoots
Close followed by a spreading wave of red
That lights the gray horizon like a fire,
And then the redly beaming sun appears—
Dimmed by its ocean bath to such a hue
That human eyes can look upon its face
And note its ruddy amplitude of size
Before it starts upon its daily race
Toward the purple zenith of the sky.
A full rigged ship, with all her canvas set,
Deep-laden with the fruits of foreign climes,
Sails slowly on between me and the orb
And for a moment stands in radiant lines
Drawn darkly on the surface of the sun.
The sullen clouds retreating slowly hie,
And on the towering ramparts of the western
 hills
Extend their lines and form their stubborn
 ranks
To make a final struggle for their sway
Of darkness over earth. The daylight spreads,
The restless sea-birds come in populous flocks

I know not whence, and skim in circling
flights
That know nor pause nor rest. The land-
birds too
Awake and sing amid the orchard trees,
And in the hidden thickets of the woods
Where flowers grow beside the silent pools
And bubbles sparkle on the running brooks.
I look again upon the sky, and see
That clouds and stars alike are gone away
And all the heavens glow with morning light;
I cast my sight upon the land again
And see the world's in motion everywhere,
All life's awake, and men with bustling noise
Begin the business of another day.



The Fisher's Return.

The setting sun his redness hides
Behind a mantle of dark cloud,
Whose boding blackness drapes and rides
Across the sky in thunder loud;
And lightnings fierce in vain essay
To rend the veil that dims the light,
As slowly sinks the dying day
Into the chilling arms of night.

The evening shadows, weeping, trail
Along the dusty path of day,
A throbbing stillness fills the vale,
And gathering gloom o'erspreads the bay;
Nor sharply pipe the clustering quail,
Nor sounds the distant watch-dog's bay,
Nor strutting cocks their rivals hail,
Nor sparrows fight along the way.

The cowering cattle huddle, dumb,
The farm-yard's noisy mob is still;
Hushed is the bee-hive's busy hum,
Hushed is the clatter of the mill;
The anxious mower hastens home
Beside the heavy-laden wain,
Far down the bay the fishers come
With listless sails, a straggling train.

The dull gray beach is lone and bare,
Save where a maiden crouches low,
Blue flowers droop 'mid her black hair;
With parted lips and shaded brow,
She gazes o'er the darkening bay,
While lowering clouds the waters meet,
And watches in the gloaming gray
Her lover's coming-home to greet.

She makes no motion, all her soul,
Life, spirit, being's in her eyes,
The crested billows higher roll,
The chilling wind now shrieks, now sighs;
The rain comes hissing through the wood,
And pattering on the dusty road,
The seething water's angry mood
To wilder wrath its beatings goad.

An awful shadow veils the land
And settles o'er the sounding sea,
Fierce booming surges lash the strand,
And crashing thunder shakes the lea;
But with the last faint ray of light
The maiden feels a ray of hope,
For dauntlessly in death's despite
She sees the struggling fishers cope.

The morning breaks, 'mid songs of birds,
O'er glistening grass and smiling bay,
While chattering flocks and lowing herds
With gladness hail the gleam of day;
And all the fishing smacks are in,
Save one that foundered in the gale—
Bravely she strove the goal to win,
Alas! She only strove—to fail.

Two bodies lie upon the beach,
Sad relics of the brave and fair,
The hungry waves their garments reach,
And rippling waters lap their hair;
Moaning the while a plaintive dirge
For her who watched and him who strove,
Who're joined, in spite of storm or surge—
Their bodies here, their souls above.

The Mountaineer's Home by
Moonlight.

A PICTURE.

A glen, high on the mountain side,
Shut in by towering crags and pines;
A spring, whose ever-welling tide
O'erflows, and sparkles past the vines.
From fleecy clouds a moonlight gleam
That seeks an open cottage door,
And lures a child to grasp its beam,
Or trace strange sketches on the floor.

Within, the grimy kettle steams
Upon the fire, whose fitful light
Flashes and leaps, in glancing gleams,
O'er snowy walls, and mirror bright,
And prints in gauzy pink attire,
And table spread with cheery care,
And Tabby dozing by the fire,
And grandame nodding in her chair.

Without, a matron young and fair,
In dress of spotless white arrayed,
A red rose in her jetty hair,
While, 'twixt the moonlight and the shade,
She stands in questioning dismay—
With outspread hand she shades her eyes,
And gazes wistfully away
To where the pebbly pathway lies.

Beyond, the mountain slopes away
From farther side of tree-lined path.
The plunging streamlet dashes spray
From rock to rock in foaming wrath;
Far in the valley's deepest dale
The glistening river smoothly glides,
And near it, nestling in the vale,
The village chapel dimly hides.

And close at hand, in playful mood;
'Mid the dark shadow of the crags,
And peering through the gloomy wood,
The tardy husband slyly lags,
Waiting, until, with clouded face,
His wife shall turn her lingering eyes,
Then, seizing her in fond embrace,
He'll please her with a glad surprise.



Corabelle.

There's a dimple in your cheek,
And I'm sure that dimples speak,
Corabelle;

For the smiles that thither dart
Kiss the blushes from your heart,
When we meet by chance apart
Corabelle;
And the smiles and blushes start,
Corabelle.

There's a sparkle in your eye,
Like the starlight in the sky,
Corabelle;
Oh! A tender tale it tells
When your glance upon me dwells,
And my throbbing bosom swells,
Corabelle;
As I think of wedding bells,
Corabelle.

There's a cadence in your voice,
At its music I rejoice,
Corabelle;
Though to all beside unknown,
Yet the message in its tone
Murmurs love for me alone,
Corabelle;
Like a song o'er waters blown,
Corabelle.

There's a pressure of your hand
That my spirit doth command,
 Corabelle;
As its gentle touches fill
All my soul with some strange thrill
Then the time I foresee still,—
 Corabelle;
When the bride shall say, "I will,"
 Corabelle.

Glances, blushes, dimples, smiles,
Greetings, murmurs,—all are wiles,
 Corabelle;
Darling, hear my fond address,
While a question bold I press,
What it is you surely guess,
 Corabelle;
So then prithee whisper,—“Yes,”—
 Corabelle.



The Gleaming Genesee.

O limpid, rapid river,
O, gleaming Genesee,
What mystery could ever
Make imagery of thee;
How fair thy changeful courses,
Rough, rolling, or at rest,
From silvery sylvan sources
To broad Ontario's breast.

Thy waterfalls flash brightly
When magic moonlight rules,
And shadows slumber lightly
On thy pellucid pools;
Thy mellow deeps are sleeping
On all thy marshy coves,
And startled fish, upleaping,
Arouse thy gloomy groves.

How fancifully foaming
Thy fretted rapids run
Where brilliant bubbles, roaming,
Bloom briefly in the sun;
Thy murmuring runlets hurry
Through devious eddying whirls,
Thy purling shallows skurry
'Mid vivid liquid pearls.

How gleam thy brimming reaches
Between their rocky bonds,
How smooth the green-rimmed beaches
That belt thy placid ponds;
Thy spreading waters ripple
Amid the widening hills,
While sunbeams' shimmering stipple
With light the lakelet fills.

Thy rushing torrents tumble
To yawning depths profound,
While rolling thunders rumble
O'er all the quaking ground;—
As soaring souls assemble
* O'er battles awful roar,
So misty rainbows tremble
Thy seething cauldrons o'er.

How glints the glorious beaming—
When clustering crystals teem—
Of sunlight's shifting gleaming
On thy prismatic stream;
How thy tormented current
Careers through vails of spray,
From vexing falls recurrent
Eager to glide away.

If one once sip thy sweetness
Thenceforth he feels thy spell,
His life will lack completeness
Till here he comes to dwell;
And though he roam, demented,
Afar o'er foreign sea,
He'll only die contented
Beside the Genesee.

I've drank thy 'witching water
Delicious Genesee;
I've looked upon a daughter
Of those who dwell by thee;
Oh! How my heartstrings quiver
With love for her, and thee
O, limpid, rapid river
O, gleaming Genesee.

A Lament.

Ye flow'ry fields of Genesee,
How can ye bloom so brightly;
The honest man who dwelt with ye,
Whose heart was pure and knightly,
Comrade in war and friend in peace,
Untiring, true and brave,
In sturdy health met quick decease
And slumbers in the grave.

Ye knolls and slopes of Genesee,
How can ye smile so fairly,
The baby Heaven lent to me.
That seemed to thrive so rarely;
Lies low beneath your blooming sod
Where whisp'ring trees complain;
But Oh! We gave her back to God
With bitterness and pain.

Oh! Lovely vale of Genesee,
More beautiful than ever,
Such cords as bind my heart to thee
Are ties that never sever;
Some consolation sweet I feel
From all the scenes I see,
The Gates of Gold will views reveal
Like those of Genesee.

September Sweets.

Slowly sank the sun to rest
'Mid the blushes of the West;
Sailed the placid moon through space,
Shone the flowing river's face.

Fragrant came the evening breeze
Through the peach and apple trees;
Whispering zephyrs, too, were born
'Mongst the rustling ranks of corn.

Homeward hied the lowing herds,
Seldom clacked the barn-yard birds,
Far off bayed the uneasy hound,
And from far came answering sound.

Whistling shrill the mowers came,
Sang the farmer's busy dame,
Ceased the mill-wheels creaking noise,
Romped the miller's merry boys.

Ranged the swallows on a rail,
In the stubble piped the quail,
Weirdly whistled whip-poor-will,
Bobolink had ceased to trill.

Locusts crooned their dismal strain,
Cheery crickets chirped amain,
And, among the melons hid,
"Katy didn't—Katy did."

From the river to the road,
O'er the hill and through the wood,
And adown the dale again,
Wound a berry-bordered lane.

Walnut, birch, and sassafras,
Willows drooping to the grass,
Oaks, and maples lined the way,
Making twilight at 'mid-day.

Down this dusky lane I strayed,
With me walked a winsome maid,
None but she and I were near,
Yet I *whispered* in her ear.

Said she Yea?—Or said she Nay?—
Little critics could but say,
'Neath the elder branches hid,—
“Katy didn't!—Katy did!”

Sure that *I'd* not heard amiss,
From the miss I took a kiss
Coyly given:—Aghast, some sprite
Shrilly screamed,—“Bob White,—Bob
White!”—

True and tender, fond and fair,
Faithful she through grief and care,
Winsome, witty, full of glee,
Wonder 'tis she loveth me.

Cruel fate may bid us part,
But for aye within my heart,
Be she far, or be she near,
'Tis September all the year.

Sweet this month in lanes to rove,
Sweetest month of peace and love,
Foretaste of a heaven where
'Tis September all the year.

Waiting for Willie.

A cottage on a headland stands, close clasped by
clinging vines;
About it grow sweet violets and sadly moaning pines,
And near it, murmuring ceaselessly its tales of grief
and death,
The ocean wave drones forth a dirge for bleaching
bones beneath.

A maiden at the window sits, beneath the flickering
shade
Of vine-leaves coyly trying the caresses to evade,
With which the lavish summer winds salute them as
they flee
To waste their stolen sweetness on the bosom of the
sea.

The sunshine, sifted through the leaves, toys with
her rippling hair,
And wanders o'er her dainty cheek, and neck so pure
and fair;
A soft, sweet smile is on her lips, a love-light in her
eye,
As she deftly meshes laces for her wedding finery.

And ever and anon she looks far o'er the sparkling
sea,
And scans each stately vessel as it nears the fragrant
lea,

And softly thus she carols: "What a happy bride
I'll be
When darling, dark-eyed Willie comes from sailing
o'er the sea.

The weary seasons came and went to join those gone
before,
But dark-eyed Willie's stately ship was never heard
of more;
Upon her homeward course she sailed, but home she
ne'er has come,
No vestige of her e'er was seen—none came to tell
her doom.

The pines about the little cot lie prone upon the
moor,
No clinging vines surmount the eaves, no flowers
surround the door,
Where violets grew the heath is bare, the wind
sweeps angrily,
And solemn sounds the booming of the ever-restless
sea.

Beside the window still she sits, 'mid shadows dark
and grim,
Her brown hair thickly strewn with gray, her spark-
ling eyes grown dim,
The bloom is gone from off her cheek, the gladness
from her brow,
No love-smile wreaths her pallid lips, no sunshine
gilds them now.

Inert and still her hands are clasped, her lace lies on
the floor,
Her glance the foaming waters restlessly wanders o'er,
And she whispers slow and sadly: "His ship I cannot see—
I'm weary with long waiting for my love to come
to me."

"Ah, Willie dear is good and true, he'll soon come
back, I know,
For tender prayers go up for him from fond hearts
here below,"
Again she softly murmurs: "What a happy bride
I'll be,
When darling, dark-eyed Willie comes from sailing
o'er the sea."



A Tribute to Adolphus P. Young.

(Read at the Meeting of the Bar.)

Day after day men pass away,
Returning hither never;
The busy strife of bustling life
Goes briskly on forever;
Drops in a stream the people seem
A multitude, yet one;
The drops flow by as moments fly,
The stream will always run.

Good men are rare, we ill can spare
A man brave, just and gentle,
Hopeful and kind, of modest mind,
And solid powers mental;
One such we knew who daily grew
Continually more dear;
Truly to-day we sadly lay
Our wreaths upon his bier.

Sorrow might own our tongue alone,
'Tis full of mournful phrases;
Yet few and brief are words of grief
When sudden woe amazes;
Though fond hearts ache and almost break
For him whose breath has fled,
Language is weak our thoughts to speak,
We simply say—"He's dead."

How vain it is at times like this
To whisper consolation;
The eye that peers through falling tears
Seeks no bright elevation;
The silent tomb in sombre gloom
Restricts our vision's scope,
Yet through that bourne he whom we mourn
Went with a Christian's hope.

Then gently lay his form away
Beneath the dewy clover;
The soul that there, Life's trials bare,
Has left its crumbling cover
And soared apace through sky and space
With progress swift and sure,
To find sweet rest 'mid Heaven's best,—
The upright, true and pure.



Kitty King.

The flowers were smiling sweetly through sparkling tears of dew,
To greet the newly-risen sun, peeping o'er hill tops blue,
The purling brook was murmuring soft to rose-leaves on its breast,
And twittering birds 'mid whispering leaves, their tales of love confest;
The drooping willow stooped to kiss the pebbles in the brook,
The pretty sunfish coquetted in many a quiet nook,
And all about was peaceful, upon that happy day
When pretty Kitty King and I went walking through the hay.

I twined wild roses as we sat beneath the chestnut tree,
And wove them in her sunny hair—'twas passing fair to see;
To tell which were the lovelier, I did not need compare,
The velvet roses on her cheeks outshone those in her hair;
Her blue eyes smiled a veto on the bantering of her lips,
And when she took my hand to rise, I kissed her finger-tips,
She did not chide my forwardness, upon that happy day
When pretty Kitty King and I went walking through the hay.

With quick resolve, in trembling haste, fearing my
strength would flee,
I tried to tell her that her love was all the world to
me,
The words fell o'er each other fast, or would not
come at call,
But still with mingled fear and hope, I somehow
told her all.
Her blue eyes hid neath long-fringed lids, her soft
hand stayed in mine,
And, like the rustling of a leaf, she whispered:
"Love, I'm thine;"
With arms entwined, we sauntered on, upon that
happy day
When pretty Kitty King and I went walking through
the hay.

But, woe is me! My darling one ne'er wore her wed-
ding ring;
The other angels lonely were and came for Kitty
King:
She went away, to wait for me 'mid pastures rich
and rare,
And when a few more days are past, I'll gladly meet
her there.
Beneath the spreading chestnut tree a grassy mound
appears,
Surrounded by wild roses, which oft are wet with
tears,
I sadly sit there, musing upon that happy day
When pretty Kitty King and I went walking through
the hay.

Sweetheart Farewell.

Sweetheart, Farewell, the winds that blow
Straight from the gates of sunset hither,
Salute us as they eastward go
Hasting to greet the sunrise thither;
In gale or murmur they proclaim—
And oft repeat our whispers tender,
And cast our sparkle in the flame
That makes the sunlight's golden splendor.

Sweetheart, Farewell, The stars above—
Those silent sentinels of heaven—
Transmit our sacred vows of love
And fervent parting kisses given;
And signaled down the twinkling line
The sweet report serenely flashes,
Till on the books of Love Divine
'Tis marked in glowing dots and dashes.

Sweetheart, Farewell, The clouds of war
Loom darkly o'er the Southern border,
Their thunders set the land ajar,
And shake the roots of public order;—
The bugle calls,—the stirring drum
Sounds the long roll in every borough,—
The workman leaves his workshop's hum,—
The thrifty farmer leaves his furrow.

Sweetheart, Farewell, I too must fight
Beneath our gleaming starry banner,
Where volunteers stand up for right,
After the yeoman's ancient manner;—
Dear Girl, Good-by, If I return
I'll love you fondly then and ever,
But if I fall,—Nay do not turn,—
I'll love you ever and forever.

Sweetheart, Farewell, One last embrace,
One long, low, tender kiss of parting;—
The tramping column nears this place,
And ere they pass I must be starting;
Darling, I love you best of all,—
How noisily those boys are drumming,—
I'll ne'er forget,—My comrades call,—
Sweetheart, Farewell;—Yes, I am coming.



Soldier's Song.—The Volunteer.

When Columbia calls all her men-at-arms,
And the summons falls on the fields and farms,
When our own free flag to the breeze we fling,
And from dell to crag bugle echoes ring,
When the drum's sharp roll stirs the quiet air,
And the greenwood knoll hears the trumpet's blare,
Then the bosom burns full of valiant cheer
As the voter turns to a Volunteer.

CHORUS.

Then Hurrah and Hurrah for our land and our laws,
And again Hurrah for our colors and our cause,
With our foe's we'll fight, with our friends we'll cheer,
With the lusty might of the Volunteer.

When we fly our flags from the topmast head,
And our anchor drags on the river bed,
When the salt sea smell blows across the rail,
And our white sails swell with the rising gale,
Or when choking smoke hides the sea and sky,
As at broadside's stroke blood and splinters fly,
Then the heart beats true knowing naught of fear,
'Neath the Navy Blue of the Volunteer.

When fair Freedom asks for her stalwart sons,
Down go daily tasks, up go swords and guns,
Far from mortal ken, on some dusty ledge,
Fly the rapid pen and the sounding sledge,
And the columns gleam full of men of mark,
As the soldiers stream through the city park,
'Tis a stirring sight fit for saint or seer,
As to fight for right goes the Volunteer.

When our long lines go o'er the battlefield,
And the stubborn foe learns to die or yield.
Right and might prevail over banded wrong,
And our stars we hail as we stride along,
And we'll never flag till we win or die,
While a hostile rag flaunts against the sky,
When our own dear soil has no foe to fear,
Home to peaceful toil speeds the Volunteer.



The Jersey Blues.

Hear the sharp summons on startled winds sounding,—

“ Fall in, brave freemen, in battle array,
Rally your regiments their free flags surrounding,
For the friends of the past are the foes of to-day;”
Come from the mountains and come from the ocean,
Come from the forests and come from the farms;
East Jersey,—West Jersey,—all in commotion
Ardently answer the order—“ To Arms.”

Cheer for Columbia, Home of the freemen,
Cheer for her colors, her sky-given hues,
Sing for her soldiers, and shout for her seamen,
And cheer once again for her brave Jersey Blues.

At the first blast of the bugles shrill blaring
See the men swarming from workshops and mines,
Quick at the sight of the starry flag's flaring
How they stream out from the orchards and pines,
Everywhere fleeing to join in the meeting
Kinsmen and strangers touch elbows to-day,
Distant drums beating and bugles repeating,
Spread the alarm, then be up and away.
Cheer for Columbia, &c.

Like the blue clouds on our blue mountains meeting,
Like the blue billows that beat on our shore,
So North and South Jersey yeomen give greeting
Gathering now, as they gathered of yore;
Rally then, comrades, where blue banners tremble
Loyally twined with the stripes and the stars,
As swift torrents cluster so freemen assemble
When the brave Jersey Blues haste to the wars.
Cheer for Columbia, &c.

Hark to the music on merry winds streaming,
How the scene glitters with arms in array,
See the flags flutter in brilliancy beaming,
See the brave Jersey Blues marching away;
From the soil springing like blue grass and clover,
After the shower has swept o'er the lea;—
Homeward they'll hasten when fighting is over,
Like the glad rain sinking into the sea.
Cheer for Columbia, &c.



Battle Hymn.

Stay not thy hand, O, Master, stay not thy mighty
hand,

But bring to fell disaster the foemen of our land,
Make naught of subtle cunning, and naught of war-
like skill,

And set their cohorts running like waters down a
hill.

The blue upon our banner was borrowed from on
high,

Be-spangled in such manner as stars bestrew the sky,
The white stripes stand asunder 'twixt barriers red
and warm,

As lightning precedes thunder and sunshine follows
storm.

Amid the conflict's lightning our standard floats
serene,

As stars beyond the lightning beam softly o'er the
scene;

When rifle bullets rattle and cannons loudly roar,
Amid the storm of battle our eagles proudly soar.

Our soldiers and our seamen proclaim the truth abroad
That all mankind are Freemen and equal under God;
Though bloodshed is lamented yet Freedom comes
through wars,

And heroes die contented beneath the stripes and
stars.

So when the struggle rages we'll carry in the van
Adown the march of ages the battle flag of man,
And where our colors flourish their dyes of heavenly
hue

Their influence shall nourish the brave, the pure
the true.

The Veterans' Reunion.

From the bonny blue hills to the murmuring ocean,
From the bold palisades to the Delaware's shore,
See the fighting men hasten, each comrade in motion,
Speeding now as they sped in the dark days of yore;
For their bugles are blaring, their old flags are flaring,
Their eagles are bearing the red, white and blue;
Their old drums are beating, their fifes are entreating,
And calling to meeting each old Jersey Blue.

See the veterans gather in crowds and in clusters,
Mid the noises of cannon, bells, music and cheers;
Each ancient corps' emblem its own party musters,
And elbows now touch that were parted for years;
For the long line is filling with true men and willing,
While the trumpets are thrilling all hearts with their
call,
As the heroes are forming their ranks are all swarming
With men who went storming o'er mountain and wall.

All arms of the service are well represented,
Every squadron and corps has its quota filled, here,
Horsemen, footmen, and seamen foregather, contented,
And the sharpshooter smiles on the gruff cannoneer;
A solid front keeping the *Broad street* they're sweeping,
While plaudits go leaping along both their flanks;
And the shouting, upwelling, a glad greeting telling,
Sets the old ardor swelling each breast in the ranks.

True, they've no gaudy glitter of trappings or armor,
Nor rattling of sabres, nor rumbling of guns,
For they conquered a peace, and their welcome's the
warmer,

And the Nation applauds her victorious sons;
So the cheers, ever coming, soon smother the drumming,
'Till its rhythmical humming seems far, far away;
While banners are swinging, and big bells are ringing,
And fair hands are flinging bright wreaths o'er the way.

For freemen will welcome fair Freedom's defenders,
And shout for the men who saved Union and laws,
To show the high homage each patriot tenders
To the courage that clung to Columbia's cause;—
With stateliness going, their steady tramp showing
How valor went glowing through war's fierce alarms,—
How lofty their bearing, these men of high daring;
They've no need of wearing equipments or arms.

Then welcome the living with proud approbation;
Worthy, they, of all honor from freemen, for aye.
But forget not the fallen who died for the nation,
And were mustered out here—to assemble on High,
They rest without dreaming, for, everywhere streaming,
Its gay colors gleaming on each distant grave,
Wherever they're lying, there, foemen defying,
Their own flag is flying—"Oh! Long may it wave!"

Anniversary of the Battle of Trenton.

Stirring news thrilled our young nation,
Nine and ninety years to-day,
From James Oglethorpe's plantation
Clear to Massachusetts Bay;
And the preachers praised God's mercy,
While the people cheered men's might,
When the tidings spread from Jersey
Of a great victorious fight,
And the list'ners lips would quiver,
When they heard the simple tale,
Of the crossing of yon river
In the driving rain and hail,
'Mid the ice-floes fiercely rushing,
Down the dark and rapid tide,
And the midnight tempest hushing
Every other sound beside;
Of the morning dull and dreary,
And the march through freezing slush,
Till the wiriest men grew weary,
Waiting for the final rush:
Of their patient, onward plodding,
Like a moving mass of ice,
Nought but powder horn and wadding
Fit for service in a trice,
Then the bullets' rousing rattle
Ringing on the foemen's ears.

And the brief and brilliant battle,
 Winding up 'mid Patriot cheers,
As glad Trenton town they waken
 To rejoice o'er their foray,
With a thousand Hessians taken,
 And the others—run away.
Ah! The dutiful endurance
 Of that bold and dauntless band,
Sent a glow of re-assurance
 Through their sparsely-settled land;
And as faster spread the story,
 How they thrashed the hireling host,
It became a common glory
 From the mountains to the coast;
And the men who in that hour
 Whipped the troops from "over sea,"
Roused a zeal that grew in power,
 Till America was free.
And that banner famed in story—
 Standard of earth's proudest State,
Is a legacy of glory
 From the day we celebrate.
So to-night, in emulation
 Of those patriotic men,
Let old Jersey tell the nation
 We are brethren once again,
Brethren now and brethren ever,
 Brethren with an ancient fame,
Brethren henceforth and forever,
 Brethren both in fact and name.

A Rhyme for the Reunion of the
Second Regiment N. J. Vols.

In ancient times, when wizards throve,
And witches wrought confusion;
When goblins haunted glen and grove,
And ghosts rose in profusion;
When pigmies peopled fell and dale,
And giants held each mountain;
When imps infested wood and vale,
And fairies every fountain;
When men were harried right and left,
From mountain peak to dingle—
Of every snug retreat bereft,
Nor safe by blazing ingle.
Their substance drained on every hand,
In forest, field and flagon;
And when, to rake the wretched land,
The devil sent a dragon,—
Ah! Then arose the Red Cross Knight—
King of that anxious hour—
And hurried forth to find and fight
The fiend in all his power;
The deadly demon downward flew,
Emitting howlings fearful,
The sturdy knight stood staunch and true,
Dauntless, serene and cheerful;
And though the battle lasted long,
The soldier proved victorious.

And ever since in speech and song
The Red Cross has been glorious.
In after years, when hooded hordes,
And thronging turbaned legions
Proclaimed the swarthy Sultans lords
Of Syria's Holy Regions;
The Ruby Cross then led the way,
With triumph iridescent,
Its liegemen driving far away
The hateful heathen crescent;
Their swarming ranks, with courage keen,
Pressed on in knightly fashion.
And flew their banners o'er the scene
Of Christ's most painful passion;
Through centuries the tale is told
In legend and in story,
Of how the Red Cross gleamed of old,
And held the field of glory.
In modern days, of battle fields
Made famous by hard fighting,
Our own Potomac Army yields
A record most exciting;
And high upon that brilliant roll
Of soldierly transactions,
The Sixth Corps shows a stirring scroll
Of fierce and furious actions;
And fit to head that sturdy corps
With honor and decision,
And wear the Red Cross badge they bore—
Was aye the First Division.
And pride of all the First Brigade,

Where e'er grim carnage beckoned,
There tramped to death as on parade
The gallant Jersey Second;
They marched and fought with manly wills,
Nor thought the toil a burden,
Serving with zeal beneath those Phils',
Phil. Kearney and Phil. Sheridan.
They saw the first Bull Run affair,
And yeoman service rendered,
And in the glory earned a share
When Bobby Lee surrendered:
The Chickahominy campaign
Of sickness and of slaughter—
The battle on Manassas Plain
Beyond the Bull Run water,—
The rebel raid in Maryland—
Its bloody termination;
In all of these they took a hand,
With fervent desperation;
But for our grief for brave lives lost,
With laughter we would quiver,
To think how frequently they crossed
The Rappahannock River.
On Gettysburg's ensanguined ground,
They fought with true devotion,
And Mead's Mine Run diversion found
These Jersey Blues in motion;
Through trackless wilds of tree and vine,
When Grant was a new-comer—
They "fought it out upon that line"
That lasted all the Summer;

And when a swarm of rebel "vets"
 'Round Early made a rally,
With Sheridan to lead the sets
 They waltzed adown the valley;
To Petersburg again they came,
 And when Lee left his cover
His last retreat a rout became,
 And then the war was over.
And now these patriots reunite,
 To laugh at past privations—
While telling tales of field and fight,
 They share each others rations;
'Tis true their line is not too long
 To gather at a table,
'Tis but a remnant of the throng
 That wore the regiment's label;
The way their roster's been curtailed
 Is told in many a story,
A goodly guard has been detailed
 Beyond the Gates of Glory,
And these men held their lives as dross,
 And peril-faced like strangers,
For they, too, wore the old Red Cross,
 And dared war's deadliest dangers.
Long be their furloughs here below,
 And may they be requited
By seeing their dear country grow
 More and more re-united.
And may these friends of fickle fate—
 These monuments of mercy—
Meet many a year to celebrate
 The famous Second Jersey.

Veteran's Song.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

For Liberty our fathers fought,
For Liberty they died;
And when their arms had freedom wrought,
They threw those arms aside,
And gladly seeking toils of peace
Made forests fall and farms increase.

CHORUS.

And proudly all their children sing
With tones that thrill and words that ring,
We know no Prince, we fear no King,
But Liberty alone we sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Equality we boldly wrote,
And set our banners high,
And aristocracy we smote
To brisket, hip and thigh,
Our efforts made the last slave free
And gave him Law's Equality.

CHORUS.

And gladly all our people sing,
With tones that thrill and words that ring,
We know no Master, Prince, nor King,
Equality of man we sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Fraternity must yet be won,
God make us one right soon,
While yet our journey's scarce begun
Toward our Nation's noon,
Then men shall sink place, race and creed,
And loving tolerance succeed.

CHORUS.

And gaily shall our children sing,
With tones that thrill and words that ring,
We know no Prince, we fear no King
Mankind's Fraternity we sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!



“Just Twenty Years Ago.”

‘Tis twenty years ago to-day
Since our old regiment marched away
With gallant port, a brave array
Of patriotic men,
Whose drums and fifes made music gay
That stirred the soul again;
Indeed it was a splendid sight,
The serried ranks of blue and white
In martial order drawn,
While swords and bay’nets flashed and gleamed
And in the midst our colors streamed,
Bright as the morning’s dawn;
And as we proudly swept along,
The people, in a compact throng,
Cheered us with lusty shouts and strong
All in a loyal glow;
Truly it hardly seems as long
As twenty years ago.
If sweetheart, wife, or mother dear,
Could scarce repress the starting tear,
She bravely smiled while we were near,
Nor wept till we’d passed by;
Nor did the last man in our rear
So much as hear a sigh.
From house-top, window, porch and door,

Our starry banner floated o'er
The Union-loving town;
And all the concourse seemed to plight
Their faith to do whate'er they might
To put rebellion down.
And so we tramped away to save
Our country from secession's grave;
And four-score thousand more as brave
Came after, from our State,
On land, or stream, or ocean wave,
To share the nation's fate.
And our old Jersey Blue Brigade
Was first and foremost to invade
Virginia's soil, when war was made,
One sunny day in May;
Full soon the course we that day laid
Became a broad highway;
And many of our comrades there,
Sleep 'mid the clover-blossoms, where
Brave men in battle fell;
And still with every passing year,
From time to time we sadly hear
Some old file-leader's knell;
But though our roster's now but small,
With honest fervor we recall
The corps that rose, a living wall,
Against the rebel foe,
And sped away at Lincoln's call
Just twenty years ago.

Centennial Lines.

O Thou to whom a thousand years
Are but as yesterday when past,
Grant that our rounds of hundred years
May run till all the starry spheres
Upon thy palm are cast.

O Thou to whom our precious Earth
Is but a pebble in the way,
Grant that equality of birth,
Linked with pre-eminence of worth,
With us may ever stay.

May centuries, like gentle rain,
Fall on Columbia's head,
But may no future times complain
Of woeful wars and human pain,
As did the cycle fled.

May human liberty extend
As sunlight flies abroad,
Till history in Love shall end,
And all humanity shall blend
In brotherhood with God.

Lines on the Dedication of the Kearney
Statue.

The lightning flashed amid the driving rain,—
The thunder rolled along the murky sky,—
The bolts of Heaven sundered trees in twain,
And whirlwinds tossed the ragged fragments high,—
While rifles rang, and musket volleys crashed,
And cannonading sounded on the ear,
As columns charged, and squadrons forward dashed
Upon the enemy with shout and cheer.

Just at the closing of that dreadful day
There came a calm, the sun shone through his tears,
And dying men in fancy went to play
Among the pleasures of their childhood's years;—
Leading his men where he would have them go,
Through the fierce storm of bullets, shot and shell,
Tinged by the glory of the sunset glow,
And nearest to the foe,—Phil. Kearney fell.

The furious din of battle raged once more,
The elements combined to swell the fray,
Again the teeming drops began to pour,
And deadly missiles sang upon their way;
But soon the day in darkness disappeared,
The thunder in the distance rumbled low,
The contest ceased with moans and sighings weird,
And gloomy night hid all the field below.

With sad celerity the grievous tale
Spread from the skirmish line and outer flanks,
Leaving a pang that made brave spirits quail
Through all the old Red Patch Division's ranks;
And fast the rumor flew, till all the land
Knew that the one-armed hero was no more;
And loyal people mourned on every hand,
As our young nation never mourned before.

Surely he died as he would choose to die,
In the full tide of a victorious fight,
Where his command had made the rebels fly,
And saved the army from defeat and flight;
His was the glory; Ours, Alas! the grief
That from irreparable sorrow flows,
Of all the Union loss, 'twas fit the chief
Should mark that most disastrous summer's close.

Though we so plainly recollect it all,
The infant of that day is now a man,
To whom our words no memories recall
Save tasks historic, such as children scan;
Or mere traditions by a stranger told
Beside his father's fire some winter night;
Or marching songs now obsolete, or old;
Or old-time pictures seen by mental sight.

Therefore 'tis well to plant his statue here,
A monument to all who wore the blue,
And manly model of the Volunteer,
To foes undaunted and to comrades true;
In all the dull routine of humdrum life
A faithful citizen and gentle friend,
Loving his land and hating civil strife,
But standing by our banner to the end.

The hives and haunts of men who work are thronged
With quiet souls who vapor not, nor brag,
But leave their labor when the country's wronged,
And swarm to form the armies of our flag;
So in the future, as in days of yore,
When drums shall roll and bugle-notes resound,
Hither the local patriots shall pour,
And legions muster on this hallowed ground.

And as the short'ning years more swiftly fly,
The last lone veteran wrinkled and old,
With form erect, and proudly kindling eye,
Will scan the image of the leader bold,
And tell the stirring story of our days,
When people proved the price the flag was worth,
And envious Empires with astonished gaze
Beheld the great uprising in the North.

And when Fate's fell conscription is complete,
And all this generation is laid low,
On festal days the citizens will meet,
And crowds will note this statue as they go;
As we revere the days of Seventy-Six,
They will remember all our age has won,
And say,—as on this bronze their wreaths they fix,—
“Such were the mighty men of Sixty-One.”

A Revolutionary Tale.

When I was a boy I knew an old man
Whose age far outstretched the scriptural span,
Who once waved a sword in Harry Lee's van,
In the days when the colonies rose;
This story he told, one wild winter night,
By father's warm hearth, 'mid picturesque light,
That the wood fire made, so cosy and bright,
While we sat ranged in opposite rows.

"In Revolutionary times,
I fought fierce men from foreign climes
And cursed Tory loons,
And saw hard service, night and day,
In battle, ambush and foray,
For Liberty and little pay,
In Sheldon's bold Dragoons;
And if your schools are any good,
Their histories should show,
That better soldiers, since the Flood,
Ne'er faced, or chased a foe.

The roads that meet at Morristown
Wind in and out and up and down
O'er hills and valleys fair,
And at the borough's central site,
Upon a green and breezy height,
Highways and by-ways all unite
To form the village square;
Before it, Inn and Court House stand,
And there the prison looms;
Beside it, church and steeple grand
Spring skyward from the tombs.

Upon a dark and dreary day,
When earth and sky were bleak and gray,
 And some few snow-flakes fell,
I drilled a squad upon that green,—
A greener squad I've never seen,—
And as the blast blew cold and keen
 I exercised them well;
And when at last I set them free,—
 After two hours or more,—
One bright young fellow followed me
 Through Freeman's Tavern door.

In those old times all men drank some,—
The youngster took New England rum,
 And I, old Apple Jack;
And then a foolish yarn he told,
How Bonnel Moody—outlaw bold—
Had drilled with us through all the cold,
 Upon a shambling hack;
I promised if he'd bring the spy
 Before the provost guard,
He should be sergeant, and not I,
 Forever afterward.

The young man said he might be wrong,
But yet he thought, ere very long,
 He'd make me eat my words;
He paid the footing score he owed,
His willing horse he then bestrode,
And started briskly down the road
 That goes by Colonel Ford's;
I mocked his gauntlets, and pursuit,
 He answered to my jeer,—
“But for these mittens, this recruit
 Would never have been here.”

The driving snow came trooping past,
Charging before the whistling blast
 With movements fast or slow,
Just as the noise was loud or light,
And all the day, and half the night,
The storm raged on with wrathful might
 And many a tent laid low;
Then as we billeted our men
 At distances away,
We did not call our roll again
 Till Surgeon's call next day.

Two of our men did not appear.
The rustic youth from Belvidere,—
 The lout from Big Muckshaw,—
I took two good men on a scout.
Past Widow Ford's we sought them out,
And soon one comrade gave a shout,—
 A dreadful sight he saw;—
On a bleak spot, by winds blown bare,
 The young recruit lay dead;
A hole between his eyes and hair,
 A bullet in his head."

The veteran ceased, and lighting his pipe,
He said it was long since apples were ripe,
Still from his old lips our cider he'd wipe
 To the honor of Washington's name;
And some other night he'd certainly tell
Of tragic events that later befell,
And how Bonnel Moody was swung like a bell,
 In the wind, on a gibbet of shame.

The Hussar's Exploit.

The trumpets rang, the bugles sang,
The martial orders sounded,
The eager force of dashing horse
In ardent concert bounded;
Hussar, Dragoon, and Cuirassier,
Gay Lancer, and stout Cannoneer,
With helmet, breastplate, sword and spear
All gleaming in the sun,
Came charging swiftly from afar
With all the speed of awful war,
While sod and sapling felt the jar
Spreading as ripples run;
As on they swept, before them crept
The grass in agitation,
Behind them lay a well-worn way
Of rut and indentation.

From country down, from castled town,
From thronged and thriving city,
The grave and gray, the young and gay,
The plain, the proud, the pretty,
In robes of brilliant tints arrayed
Came trooping to the grand parade,
To see the mighty cavalcade
Of Austrians and Huns;
The crowds that fringed the soldiers' place
Proclaimed—in loveliness and grace
The daughters of the Hapsburg race
Well worthy of the sons;
'Twere hard to say which won the day
The mob with swords and lances,
Or that whose arms were matrons' charms
And maidens' flashing glances.

As on they came, like prairie flame
Magnificently nearing,
Their flanks upbore a crackling roar
Of patriotic cheering;
But sudden silence filled the scene
As out upon the empty green
A wilful little child was seen
In merry glee to run,
The multitude could only cower
A point of time that seemed an hour,
And then a shout of mighty power
Went up toward the sun.
Those fierce Hussars of many wars
Were ne'er so warmly greeted,
Straight on they tore—yet one man bore
That child before him seated.

As eagles swoop, so train and troop
All in their proper places,
Dashed past as though a foreign foe
Arose before their faces,
All gallantly they sped away
Until the mighty army lay
Aligned in glittering array
Beyond the trampled field;
Then from afar that soldier came,
His modest countenance aflame,
Seeking to find the thankful dame
His prattling prize to yield;
The mother's tears, the people's cheers
His shrinking spirit harrassed,
The bashful wight—in field or fight—
Was never so embarrassed.

With moistened cheek he turned to seek
His squadron's safe seclusion,
While manhood's praise and beauty's gaze
Redoubled his confusion,
And proud his prancing charger stood
Before the pearl of womanhood,
Where—glad to greet a man so good—
His Empress gave him thanks;
But Ah! How swelled the soldier's breast
As riding out from all the rest
His Kaiser fastened on his vest—
Before the Army's ranks—
The cross well-known, the Kaiser's own,
Of gold with fringed border,
And he who bore that jewel wore
Maria's knightly order.



Van Mouler's Hallow E'en.

Y^oung Walter's vessel seemed to skim,
Swift as its master's will,
Through sombre night that dark and grim
Enwrapped the wooded hill;
And as he neared the rocky shore
The tempest through the forest tore
And whirled along with hiss and roar
Across the turbid bay;
Scarce touched the keel upon the sand
Before the youth sprang to the land
And sped away at love's command
The hill-side to essay;
No fear had he of sound or sight
Or spell that witch might weave,
Nor dread of goblin, ghost or sprite
Upon that Hallow Eve.

The Hessian sentry paced his post,
Close to the ancient trees,
And heard the Devil drill his host
Amid the blust'ring breeze;
Anon he saw a monstrous thing
Perched on a bough, prepared to spring,
Waving the while one mammoth wing,
And scratching like a cat;
The soldier thought he'd lose his wits,
His teeth seemed chattering to bits,
And fearing lest he'd fall in fits
He tumbled over flat,
And fell to praying loud and fast
With features covered o'er
Although full twenty years had passed
Since he had prayed before.

Old Gratz Van Mouler, smoking, sat
Before a crackling fire,
And puffed, from underneath his hat,
As though he'd never tire;
And as the embers met his gaze
He saw, amid the glowing haze,
A vision of his youthful days,
Katrinka,—dead and gone;—
Softly the old man breathed her name,—
“Katrinka,”—then from out the flame
A graceful figure gently came,
As daylight comes from dawn;
Softly she kissed her husband's cheek
Just as in days of yore,—
He sprang to clasp her hand and speak,
But Ah! She was no more.

Bang! Went a musket by the road,—
Bang! Went one at the back,—
And all the troops were bid to “Load,
And meet a night attack,”
Then there was running here and there
As wedding-guests fled everywhere,
And many a kiss upon the stair
Was borrowed in the fright;
The soldiers formed and marched around;—
At length the sentinel they found
Half dead with fear upon the ground
And bore him to the light;
Revived at last—he could but say—
Explaining what he'd done,—
“Two grinning goblins passed his way—
Therefore he fired his gun.”

Ere he recounted how he'd fought,—
A most unequal fight,—
The rearward sentinel they brought
Praying with frantic might;—
Then down the stairs like one distraught,
Her face with consternation fraught,
A breathless maid her master sought,
And this new terror told,
How Hiley Ann, old Gratz's pride,
The British Captain's chosen bride,
Was swept away with one fell stride
By wizard black and bold;—
While yet she spake, a rattling gust
Laden with threat'nings dire,
Landed a cloud of bricks and dust
Plump in the roaring fire.

The maidens screamed, the matrons cried,
And portly men turned pale,
Some lads to raise rude laughter tried
But tried without avail,
The bravest there seemed most dismayed,
The soldiers in strong ranks arrayed
Slipped softly off, as though afraid
New demons to arouse;
Each guest with speed his safety gained,
Each servant to remain disdained,
And soon no living thing remained
In that enchanted house
Save Gratz, who sat and smoked, they said,
Like some enormous gnome,
And muttered oft, with shaking head,
"The mother took her home."

While imps and bogeys had their way
About Van Mouler's farm
Walter was sailing o'er the bay
Beyond the reach of harm,
Nor reck'd he how the storm might roar
That swept him toward the Western shore,
Because his flying vessel bore
A precious female freight;—
No craft e'er made so swift a run,
And long before the day begun
Old Parson Caldwell joined in one
Young Walter and his mate;
And well 'twas known throughout the land,
And all along the shore,
That wedlock bound by Caldwell's hand
Was tied forever more.

Next afternoon old Gratz sat still
In his accustomed seat,
When presently upon his sill
He heard approaching feet,
And in the briefest moment more
Right quickly through the inner door
A couple came and stood before
The farmer in his chair,
With tearful speed the girl began,—
“Father, forgive your Hiley Ann,—
This is my own, my wedded man,
Let us your labor's share;”—
The old man raised his trembling hands
Towards Heaven's highest dome,
“My girl,”—he said,—“up yonder stands,”—
“The mother took her home.”

A Legend of Second River.

Cold blew the blasts from Ramapo
Along the sombre river,
The hill sides gleamed with frozen snow,
The bare trees faced the moon's pale glow
Without a leaf to quiver;
All silent slept the settlement
As o'er the scene swift cloudlets went
With shades that seemed to shiver,
While towering to the firmament
The white church-steeple grandly lent
A charm to Second River.

High in that spire a sentry stood,
A vengeful vision keeping,
Over the flowing ice-fringed flood—
Straight to a mansion near a wood
His watchful vision sweeping,
He saw the Hessian Guardsmen there,
And chafed within his airy lair
Like some fierce bear in cover;
But laughed upon the startled air
To see a maiden young and fair
Waiting to wed her lover.

The shadow of the spire crept 'round,
The secret sentry hiding,
The whistling breezes ceased to sound,
In icy silence most profound
All nature was abiding;

The tinkle of a distant bell
Whose jingle nearer seemed to swell
 Upon the ear came gliding,
And soon the watchers' vision fell
Upon a man they both knew well
 Toward that mansion riding.

His sledge soon passed the open gate
 And up the lane went hieing,
The eager bride-groom sprang elate
To greet his coy and modest mate
 Her smiling visage spying,
As to the topmost step he sprang
From that old spire a musket rang
 That sent the echoes flying.—
Swift on its course the bullet sang,
A sudden blow,—an awful pang,—
 John Tory lay a dying.

The Hessians straightway formed a line
 And marched about for hours,
Their leader died without a sign
As over stoop and trellised vine
 His lifeblood ran in showers,
The poor bride saw that cruel shot,
And staggered from the bloody spot
 Bereft of mental powers:—
Though men this story have forgot,
Yet plants which grow upon that spot
 Bear only ruddy flowers.

Cologne Cathedral.

In old Cologne a famous Bishop dwelt
Who felt the Church's worth and made it felt,
Pattern for peasant, potentate and priest,
He grew in sanctity as wealth increased;
His mission thrived beneath his careful hand,
And soon his See ranked any in the land,
Save for one truthful taunt oft at him thrown
That God had no Cathedral in Cologne;
Therefore he vowed to hide that crying shame
'Neath cross-tipped spires 'twould stand till Time
grew hoary,

So that men seeing them would speak his name,
And say,—“That great man built them to God's glory.”
And so he sent a message through the earth,
To lonely monks and crowded congregations,
That all who chose, ignoring rank or birth,
Should send him diagrams and elevations.

In old Cologne there lived an Architect,
In toil severe, in action circumspect,
True to the Church, ennobled by the State,
Praised by the poor and honored by the great;
But life's good things to him seemed worthless dross,
And moments lost from work—eternal loss;
Long ere he saw a structure rise complete
Ambition spurred him to a greater feat,
Ever aspiring to designs sublime,

Hoping at last by some supreme endeavor
To mark his name upon the walls of Time
Among the noble names that live forever.
Once that man heard his Bishop's noble scheme
The project filled his mind asleep or waking,
For though his brain with drawings seemed to teem
Yet none of them were worthy of the making.

One sultry day this austere architect—
With weary brain and languid intellect—
Trudged past the limits of the od'rous town
And in an ancient greenwood sate him down;—
From a cool spot he saw the sun's hot glare,—
Noted the trembling of the glowing air,—
Breathed the perfume that through the woodland
 crept, —

And leaned against an oaken tree and slept:
But soon awoke, roused by a gath'ring storm
 That sent a tremor through his every member,—
Before him stood a man whose stately form
 He'd seen before but yet could scarce remember,
Malicious meaning lingered in his smile
 Like one who loved in villainy to revel,
His crafty tongue was fed on flowing guile
 In all his ways he seemed the very Devil.

The stranger smilingly displayed a plan,
The like had ne'er been seen by mortal man,
The architect sprang up to clasp it fast,
But only caught a leaf borne on the blast,
'Twas hidden by its owner in a trice,
Who, mocking, said, "that parchment had its price,
Full well he knew that his design alone
Foreshadowed the Cathedral of Cologne;"—
The citizen at once produced his store
 Of gold and silver coins that clinked and jingled
Which scarcely touched the stranger's palm before
 Like water to the ground they ran and mingled
With dust and leaves, and quickly sank away
 As though the earth were thirsty for such drink-
 ing;—
Ah! Quoth the Master, "Lucifer, good day,
For that grand plan I'll face you without shrink-
 ing."

And then they bought and sold the precious scroll,
And so they bought and sold a precious soul,
Satan produced the bond already sealed,
In blood they signed it while the thunder pealed,
And when the architect once grasped the plan
He clasped it to his breast and homeward ran,
While Satan's features wore—in beauty fell—
The wicked smile that mother Eve knew well,—
In course of time, when came the final night,

And all the plans were posted in position,
The gathered multitude saw with delight
That one arose beyond all competition;
The Bishop said with gladness in his eyes,—
“Of all designs,—by laymen or by gownsman,—
It gave him pleasure to award the prize
To that presented by his fellow-townsman.”

In old Cologne a heavy tax was laid
And each man brought his money or his spade,
For every one was bound, from boor to peer,
One man to furnish forty days a year;
But many seasons passed their weary round
Before the building peeped above the ground,
And very slowly as the years passed by
The grand Cathedral clambered toward the sky;
Meanwhile the architect grew old apace,
Wrinkled and bent, decrepit, lame and hoary,
Until at last, urged by his desperate case,
He told the portly Bishop all his story;
That prelate had a monk from isles afar
Who'd made hell fire blast stones for the mechanic,
Right well he'd calculate a lucky star,
Exorcise witchery, or wiles Satanic.

For Friar John the Bishop straightway sent,
Good Friar John before his Bishop went,
Glad to defraud old Satan of his price,
In whispers gave the Master this advice,—
“Of consecrated wafers take a store,
Go meet the Tempter where ye met before,
Procure the bond its meaning to descry,
Clap wafers in your mouth and him defy.”
The thankful builder tremblingly obeyed
And quickly sought the leafy wood’s seclusion,
While Friar John in a convenient shade
Waited to note the baffled Fiend’s confusion;
The Friar’s scheme was carried out full well,
And ended in the enemy’s disaster,
His grasping hands o’ertook his bond—but fell
Empty before the presence of his Master.

Ah! Then the spirit of the witness quailed
To see the dreadful demon stand unveiled,
With burning breath upon the sulphurous air
That singed his grizzled beard and scorched his hair;
He heard—while lightnings crackled through the
dell—

“For this defeat some one shall writhe in Hell,
The day your priests shall consecrate that shrine
The first to pass its threshold shall be mine;”—
What awful oaths the baffled demon swore

The architect ne’er dared to tell to mortals;
At last with one infernal final roar

He winged his way to Tophet’s yawning portals;
While howling tempests tore the very ground

The sturdy oak in twain was quickly riven,
And as its top went crashing to the ground
Poor Friar John was billeted for Heaven.

That night a furious storm raged far and wide,
And burning garners lit the country side;
Incessant flashes o'er the highlands played,
Revealing turbid gulfs in every glade;
Tempests and torrents seemed in strife to vie,
While thunderbolts blazed o'er the dismal sky,
And many an old wife said with shaking head
"Old Nick is tumbling on his brimstone bed."—
'Mid wind and rain and many wild alarms

The poor old man in safety reached his dwelling,
The Bishop met him there with open arms,
And burned the bond 'mid Pandemonium's yelling:
But all the Master's earthly strength was spent,
To have it so, indeed, he felt contented,
And lingering on a month or so he went
To Glory, universally lamented.

As on their way the circling seasons rolled
The Bishop owned he too was growing old,
And in his heart he knew he soon would ken
The lonesome journey traveled by all men;
The sanctuary which his youth began
Must erst be finished by some other man,
But he determined, as he sadly sighed,
To consecrate the building ere he died;
Therefore he fixed upon a certain day,
And sent his monks abroad with holy orders,
To call his faithful flock to come away
From all parts of his diocesan borders
And help their Father bless the house of stone
By gath'ring with him in a mighty meeting,
And in the proud Cathedral of Cologne
Give Heaven and their Mother Church a greeting.

There was a holiday in old Cologne,
Each burly Burgher made the day his own,
While pious people sought the Holy Shrine
By road and path and on the river Rhine;
Banners and branches waved o'er roofs and doors
Of silent homesteads and deserted stores,
And strangers saw—of all the gay array—
The open taverns made the most display;
From dewy morn till sultry noontide's glare

A throng about the sacred structure waited,
But none came forward brave enough to dare
To pass the door where Satan's self awaited;
The prelate was too meek his priests to lead,
And they too mild to head their humble masters,
In turn the simple people felt indeed
Too modest thus to go before their pastors.

The soldiers too who'd fought with fiends abroad,
Would ne'er be first within the House of God,
But they proposed to let the Tempter chew
Some cursed heretic or foreign Jew;
But such a course—the monks said—would be vain,
And surely desecrate the sacred fane;—
At last a huntress came, and on her back
She bore a burden in a goat-skin sack,
Straight to the door she strode and there let fly

A savage wolf that bounded through the portals,
Then from within rang out a piercing cry
That blanched the faces of the list'ning mortals,
And when a brave man peered in for a sign
This only sight his wond'ring vision greeted,
Blackened upon the boarded roof the line,—
"This edifice shall never be completed."

Though changeful centuries have passed away,
On the Cathedral builders work to day,
And those who thought—forever in Cologne—
Their monument should be that pile of stone,
Bishop and builder share man's common lot,
Their very names were long ago forgot;
Indeed, 'tis said by critics from abroad
That old Cologne has e'en forgotten God;
Through all the startling and promiscuous range
Of changes in which progress loves to revel,
In this one thing at least there is no change,
Cologne retains relations with the Devil;
The diabolic ambuscades that line
The path to worship make the faithful falter.
And pilgrims find,—who piously incline—
Perdition's stench almost storm the altar.



The Legend of Our Lady of
Roc Amadour.

In Quercy stands a craggy height
Above a darksome vale,
The breeze that o'er the stream blows light
Up there becomes a gale;
When twilight hides the lowly glen,
And day takes sudden flight,
Those crags respond a bright Amen
To sunset's warm Good Night.

When Zaccheus came from lands afar
Across the golden sea,
Led by a little twinkling star
Which none but he could see,
He climbed that rocky ridge to rest—
And saw his star no more—
Therefore the stony ground he blest
And called it Amadour.

The holy hermit there abode
While years went whistling by,
Till at the Master's call he rode
The chariot of the sky;
His brethren there an altar raised
Our Lady to adore,
And Zaccheus' name this day is praised
Upon Roc Amadour.

Our Lady of Roc Amadour
The sailor's friend is she,
Full oft a drowning tar she bore
From out the roaring sea;
If but they prayed her help to gain
She lent a helping hand,—
None ever sought her aid in vain
Who safely reached the land.

Those who were saved by her good hap
Made haste her shrine to greet,
And poured their gold upon her lap,
Their silver at her feet;
The pious friars used it well
To give God's message wing,
The red coin went to buy a bell,
The white to make it ring.

When e'er a wight from depths profound
Is rescued by her hand
The bell sends forth a merry sound
That echoes o'er the land;
And every time a storm sweeps o'er
Yon rough and rocky height,
The bell upon Roc Amadour
Rings out upon the night.

The Legend of the Goodwin Sands.

A rubicund Abbot from over the sea
Sought a home for his order down Tenterden way,
And he gloatingly smiled on the picturesque lea
Of the broad Goodwin meads spreading far far away
To the sturdy stone wall that withstood the rough sea.

To William the Norman he speedily went
With the haste of a man who had business to do,
Quoth he,—“Puissant Liege, since the church to thee lent
The aid of the cross against foes not a few
To thy gratitude now I address my lament.”

“The Saxon Earl Goodwin thy foeman hath becn,
Heaven’s favor hath given him into thy hand,—
Hast thou e’er met a traitor of haughtier mien?—
Thou art Lord of his person, his purse and his land,
Give the last to the Abbot of Saint Augustine”

The Abbot returned full of prelatie pride,
The Lord of the Fee for ten miles by the sea,
And the heart-broken Earl pined away till he died;—
“The sea shall reclaim what they’ve stolen from me,”
He breathed, as his spirit went out with the tide

Then they managed the place in the clerical way,
Squeezing more from the land than good farming allows,
For they sold the new grass and retained the old hay,
And they sold the young heifers and kept the old cows,
And brought naught to the glebe, but kept sending away.

And they strove with a zeal that seemed never to tire
To erect in a twelvemonth a church for all time,
Prior, Friar and choir every day went up higher
With the church and the steeple where bells were
to chime
Till a day's work would finish old Tenterden spire.

Ere the priest slept that night from without came a
call
From a Saxon who shouted,—as often before,—
“Father, mend thy sea-wall ere a storm shall befall,”
But the prelate replied,—“Get thee gone from
my door,
We will build the Lord's church and let Him mend
His wall.”

That night a storm rose and swept off the sea wall
Like a handful of pebbles before the wild waves,
And the Abbot and Monks in a twinkling were all
Buried deep in the stormy sea's fathomless graves,
Where they slumber in peace till their Master shall
call.

Ancient Tenterden spire still points to the sky
Near the treacherous coast where the meadows
once lay,
Where the white billows roar when the wind rages
high
And the Goodwin Sands stretching for ten miles
away
Clutch and hold every vessel that ventures them
nigh.

The Mouse in the Castle of
Normandy.

A mouse lay hid in the Castle wall
And nibbled a chunk of cheese,
And he saw a portly prelate fall
Plump down upon his knees,
“Oh! Mother Mary,”—the Abbot prayed,
“I would my vows I’d never made,”
“In death my King will low be laid
Nor dare I speak at all;”
Then quoth the mouse—“A mouse I’d be
Rather than priest of Normandy.”

The mouse peeped out in the Castle yard,
With a bit of oaten cake;
And he saw a knight of the Royal Guard,—
All bitterly he spake,—
“He’s taken all my father’s land,
And robbed me of my true love’s hand,
King though he be—with this right hand
To-night I’ll strike him hard;”—
Then quoth the mouse,—“A mouse I’d be,
Rather than Knight of Normandy.”

The mouse crept into the King's great room
With a scrap of wheaten bread,
And saw the Knight in the midnight gloom
Stab the King to death in his bed,
And all night long the bloody gore
Dripped steadily down to the marble floor,
And trickled under the oaken door,
Be-drabbling the house-maid's broom;
Then quoth the mouse,—“A mouse I'd be,
Rather than King of Normandy.”

The mouse ran over the kitchen floor,
Ere the burying was done,
And carefully before him bore
A goodly bit of a bun;
Then a cruel cat with a frightful frown
Gave a mighty spring from the dresser down,
And the mouse ran under the scullion's gown
But his race was the sooner o'er,
With a dying squeak the mouse quoth he,—
“Oh! a woeful country is Normandy.”



Old Song.

Come gentle Phillis walk with me
Beneath the merry greenwood tree;
A red rose in thy kerchief fair,
A white rose in thy nut-brown hair;
With hands together to and fro,
We'll sing to Cupid as we go.
Sing trolli on away lads,
Sing troll on away,
With tumble tow and rumble row
Sing troll on away.

Oh! Robin, cast the willow down
That lies about thy old hat's crown;
Thy back turn to the greenwood tree,
And throw thy coat upon the lea,
And get thee to thy rusty plow,
Or I'll ne'er walk with thee I trow.
Sing troll on away lad,
Sing troll on away,
With birchen bough and oaken plough
Sing troll on away.



All is Vanity.

What is the Past? The Future what?—
Millions have been who now are not,
The countless blades of grass that dot
These fields below
But symbolize the names forgot
Ages ago.

Prophets and martyrs famed of old,—
Sages and heroes wise and bold,—
Moulder with men of common mould
Beneath our feet,
Their dust by fitful breezes doled
About the street.

Ambition ever was the same;
Men strove to make a noted name,
And win the wreaths of fleeting fame
By wealth or war,
And passed away while others came
More famous far.

Vast generations fled from sight.
As evanescent as the light
Of twinkles on a frosty night
Starry and still,
A brilliant moment flashing bright
Where all is chill.

Each generation treads the stage
Thinking its own poor blotted page
The record of the Golden Age
 In History's books,
So grand as surely to engage
 Creations looks.

Our earthly grandeur fades as fast
As rainbows o'er the Heavens cast,
Whose glory soon is overpast
 And leaves no mark,
So all the glories of the past
 Scarce leave a spark.

When did God make the starry sky?—
When did light first through chaos fly?—
When did mankind first heave a sigh?
 Or learn to sin?
When did life first lie down to die?
 Or grief begin?

What does the candle in the cot?—
The spark by sledge and anvil shot?
Know of the sun, that brilliant spot
 Set in the sky?
Or of the moon and stars that dot
 The vault on high?

What does the rill, where eagles soar,
Know of the ocean's rocky shore?
The mountain fountain bubbles o'er
In sparkling rains;
The drops speed to the billows roar,—
The spring remains.

When did our race in sexes go?—
When into tribes and colors grow?—
When did they learn to plow and sow,
Or make a fire?
Or cook, or write, speak, sing, read, know
Love or desire?

And if so little now we know
Of aught that happened long ago,
Though fraught with all the weal and woe
Of all our race;
How can our peering vision show
The future's face?



Immortality and Love.

The sun, great source of light and heat,
The clover leaf beneath our feet,
The tree, the brook, the breaker,
Planets, and tides, frost, air, and rain,
Fruits, flowers, seasons,—all maintain
There is a Mighty Maker.

The strange anatomy of man,
The complex wonders of the plan
That forms the structure mortal,
The brain that all his motions leads,—
His very weaknesses and needs
Proclaim his soul immortal.

When Man by perfect breath endued
Sprang forth in Eden's solitude,
Divine in form and feature,
Love was the prompter of the mind,
Love was the only law to bind
The Maker and the creature.

How beautiful this life appears
When every passing year endears
A couple to each other,
As beauty fails affection grows,
Till death at last most clearly shows
This life precedes another.

And when this little life is o'er,
And grief and pain shall be no more,
And death depart forever,
Then Faith in sight shall gladly end,
Hope to fruition sweet ascend,
And Love continue ever.

An Old Man's Reverie.

I feel like one who sadly saunters through
The crowded halls of his ancestral home,
While passing throngs, with faces strange and
new,
Jostle and jar when e'er his fancies roam
Among the memories of long ago,
Nor give him room or rest to think alone,
But thrust him forth where winter whirlwinds
blow,
And naught remains to him but outer stone.

Like some rare manuscript of ancient lore
I seek a corner underneath the dust;
The eyes that gladly sought me are no more,
The hand that wrote upon my heart is dust;
I wonder as I ponder, like old Job,
Whether a man who dies shall live again.
I would I could lay hold upon the robe
Of Him who was the counsellor of men.

A grain of wheat sown in the upturn ground
And hidden deep beneath a sheet of snow
Springs in bright beauty when the birds' notes
sound,
And droops in fatness 'mid the summer's
glow;
Could one who never saw a spear of wheat
Fortell the future of that little grain?—
Conceive the plant that bends the breeze to
greet?—
Or guess the rich return 'twill yield again?

The limpid water of the mountain rill
Laughs as it leaps along its downward course
And in some dreary marsh noisome and still
Reflects the shadow of its distant source,
But when the sunshine warms the dark morass
The pure mist rises from its loathsome bed,
And soars to realms where lightning flashes
pass,
And rainbows light the planets overhead.

All living things grow upward toward the sky,
All lifeless things fall downward to the
ground;
All earthly flame shoots up toward light on
high,
While heavenly light girds myriad worlds
around,
Man makes a breathless statue of a stone,—
A lifeless engine from a mass of ore,—
God made from dust a likeness of His own,
And with a breath made man live evermore.



Be Not Weary.

Oh! weary one, do not forbear,
Nor fail, nor falter, nor forget
That if each toiler does his share
Men will be equal yet;
In our broad land, forevermore
Man's ownership of man is past,
And Reason soon must triumph o'er
The tyranny of Caste.

'Tis true we seem in one short life
To gain so very little space,
While struggling in the constant strife
To elevate our race;
Remember, centuries but make
Successive classes in a school
Since first the loving Master spake
The glorious Golden Rule.

This firm world moves, although we see
Solidity beneath our feet,
And future ages still must be
Made up of moments fleet;
Then let us labor while we're here,
And faithfully do what we can
To bring about, in love sincere,
The Brotherhood of Man.

Then shall our banner bravely float
Above a country truly free,
And all the universe shall note
How kindly we agree;
So long as lightning flashes high,
Or fleecy cloudlets sail along,
Or twinkling stars adorn the sky,
Our Nation shall be strong.

Mankind was Made to Sing and
Smile.

The lonely forest aisles resound
With solemn strains and tones profound
Played by the rustling breeze,
The little brook that ripples nigh
Sings through the night a lullaby
To all the nodding trees.

The music of the skaters' feet
Rings gaily to the far retreat
Of startled deer or mink,
And frosty North winds whistling go
Among the brittle reeds that grow
Beside the sedgy brink.

The crested billows, foaming, merge
In frothy swells of bubbling surge
That hum along the shore;—
When tempests in the ship's shrouds ring
The sailors think of those who sing
Upon the upper shore.

The thunder shaking earth and sky,—
The cataracts that with it vie —
The fountain in the dell,—
The winter blast—the zephyrs sigh—
All join in Nature's symphony.
Why not mankind as well?

And then the birds, the happy birds
Whose songs seem almost set to words
 Evolved from thankful hearts,
Although they neither speak nor smile,—
Nor reasoning powers their wits beguile,—
 They simply sing their parts.

The waving wheat, the rustling corn,—
The dewy grass at early morn,—
 The orchard trees in bloom,
The brilliant woods in Autumn days,—
The hill-tops veiled by purple haze,—
 The vines upon a tomb.—

The stars upon a frosty night,—
The country-side with snow bedight,
 The ice-encrusted lake,
The sun arising from the deep.—
The mountain cascade's gleaming steep,—
 The spring within the brake.—

The earth's recurring robe of green,—
The flowers that blossom all unseen
 Or isolated grow;
To me this simple legend tell—
Mankind was made to smile as well
 As grass was made to grow.

The Dignity of Labor.

Lines suggested by the Newark Industrial Exhibition.

Would you see hard work with success en-
crowned?

With a thoughtful eye calmly look around;
Here, the busy brain and the horny hand
Bid their wondrous wares in a pageant stand,
And the maker's thoughts higher still aspire
When the women smile and the men admire—
Work is ne'er too mean to be deftly done,—
'Tis a small reward that is lightly won.

In the blackest muck snowy lillies bloom,
And the sunrise springs from the darkest gloom;
In the grimy coal lurks the power of steam,
In the shapeless stone sleeps the sculptor's dream,
From the dusty loom fairest fabrics come,
Fairy fancies flit through the workshop's hum,
In the plater's bath silv'ry sheen 's begot,
And the picture's gloss in the varnish pot.

Labor loves its work when it works for love,
From the Tanner's vat comes the bridal glove;
From the furnace flame comes the shining steel,
And the gleaming gold from the rouging wheel;
In the throes of toil perfect art is wrought,
Through the mire of ink flash the gems of thought.
Breath depends on bread formed of dust and leaven;
In the mint of Earth saints are coined for Heaven.

From the dust of earth God made humankind,
With the dust of earth Jesus cured the blind;
From the blended dust of the earthly mine
Men make magic work that's almost divine.
Man, in doing work finds his true delight,
Labor speeds the day—toil brings rest at night;
When the world was formed out of darkness bleak
Great Jehovah wrought one eventful week.



Reflection.

A dewdrop trembling on a blade of grass,
A bubble floating on a foaming brook;
Frail though they be, and quick from sight to pass
If but by lightest whisper softly shook,
Will yet display to every passing glance
As true a picture of the sun and sky
As any mighty ocean's vast expanse
Can mirror when the winds in slumber lie.

The zigzag torrent of a plunging stream
That leaps and races down the mountain-side—
Whose sparkles a bespangled ribbon seem,
Binding the monarch to his lakelet bride—
Will glisten in the sun's effulgent ray
A wond'rous distance o'er the dusty plain,
While the deep lake 'round which the brooklets play
But sends the red sun's blushes back again.

The frozen surface of a shallow hole
Formed by converging ruts beside the way—
Though evanescent as a careless dole
That in the nearest tavern melts away—
Will reproduce the shining starry host,
Bright with the beauty of the icy night,
With all the truth that lake or bay can boast
When bound by wintry bonds of brazen might.

The feeble glimmer of a candle-light,
Backed by a focal mirror's polished face,
Will reach the weary seaman's gladden'd sight,
While burning buildings' glare would die in space;
So one small act of kindness gently done—
Remembered only by the soul it cheers—
Catches the glow of the celestial sun,
And lights the crowding ranks of countless years.

Alas! Alas!

Long have we boasted that in our fair land
Both high and lowly had an equal voice,
The poor man's son might reach supreme command
And rule the Nation by the people's choice.
Full well we've seen our noble vaunt proved true,
The humble toiler from the wooded West
Came up to guide our young Republic through
The cruel war that put her to the test;
And since, with naught but hope and mother's love,
An orphan boy set out the world to face,
And gained that selfsame goal, so far above
The poor beginning of his upward race.
Of all the men who ever filled that chair
These two had been in childhood most distrest;
Therefore were fit exemplars to compare
The workings of our system with the rest;
Both men as presidents were wise and good,
Faithful and honest, anxious to do right;
High in the country's love they likewise stood
As model types, with fame and virtue bright.
But Oh! with what regret and bitter grief,
And fierce anathemas, that yet are vain,
And sorrow for disgrace beyond relief,
We own that those two men were basely slain.
For Lincoln's death we murmured some excuse,
'Twas but the last throe of our civil strife,
And only lunacy could e'er induce
His slayer thus to end his noble life —
Such were the idle babblings spoken then

To break the force of that tremendous blow ;
And we were all so sure that ne'er again
Would any President be thus laid low,
But now that Garfield has been cooly killed
By a vile creature formed in human shape,
With helpless wrath our peaceful homes are filled
And each man wonders who can now escape;
If thus our sovereignty can be assailed
Our govermental fabric is but glass;
What wonder then that all the Union quailed,
And at his death but cried, " Alas! Alas! "



IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION; IN ALL TIME
OF OUR PROSPERITY; IN THE HOUR OF DEATH,
AND IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,—GOOD LORD,
DELIVER US.

When all our earthly hopes go down
In Trouble's tumbling sea;—
And fell disgrace, with awful frown
Makes friends and fellows flee;—
Though Sorrow share our scanty fare
Beside a cold hearthstone;—
With tearful faith we seek in prayer
Our Father, on His Throne.

When every enterprise succeeds,
And Fortune favors thrift;—
When blessings follow all our deeds
And Gratitude is swift,—
Our schemes are made and plans well laid
Too long for Life's short span;—
'Tis then we need our Saviour's aid
For He was once a man.

When at the last our journey ends
Upon that sombre shore,
Whence every human footstep tends,
And Man returns no more;
O'er deeps unknown each must alone
Launch forth in dark'ning Night,
Oh! Holy Spirit, Thee we own
To lead us to the Light.

And in that final, soiemn day,
When all mankind shall stand,
Waiting the word to pass away,
On one or other hand;
All trembling we a group shall be
Amid the mighty horde;
Great Trinity in Unity,
Deliver us, Good Lord.



How they Served the Far-Down in
Ould Galway.

In ould Bally-na-more, just beyant the Town Hall,
There wan Darby Dunmore kept the Hole-in-the-
Wall;
'Twas the height of the Fair, whin the b'ys wor all
flush,
Aft'er sellin' their pigs, or their calves, or ould
cush,
An' the naggins o' whiskey wor makin' the rounds—
Out shpakes ould Belmullet, "I raysaved twinty
pounds;"
Pat Costello, the Buck, says, "That's more nor
they're worth,"
, 'That's not thrue," shouts MacAnthrims, a b'y from
the North.

"Shpake aisy, melad," Paddy cries, "or, begorra,
Ye'll be walkin' on crutches be this time to-morra;"
"Ye're a murtherin' liar," bawls Mac, wid a roor,
"An' I dar ye to put yer fut outside the door."
"I'm yer man," says the Buck; "Sir, be-this-an'-be-
that,"
Thin off wint his coat, an' his waistcoat and hat.
An' the whole housefull rose an' lift off conversation.
Every wan o' thim glad to see some recreation.

Thin "Hurroo!" yells the Buck, an' "Come on,"
replies Mac,

An' wid that he gev Paddy a slatherin' whack,
An' the wild Connaught ranger wint down wid a
groan,

Be gud luck jist forninst a fine lump ov a sthone;
But he lepped up agin, not a haporth the worse,
An' he let fly the sthone wid a black Irish curse;
Wid the best ov intintions the bit ov rock shped
In a straightforward ccourse for the Far-Downer's
head.

"Arrah, ' shtand ye big robber," squails a voice from
the door,

But the supple North b'y had a grudge 'gin Dunmore,
So he curtsied an' bobbed like a Mullingar lass—
That's how he med bits o' poor Darby's Frinch glass.
Thin a yell an' a screech rose as wan wid the crash,
An' the misthress herself skitthered out like a flash.
"Howly Murther," she cries, "ye vilyanous Pad,
See me illigant windy all gon to the bad."

"Oh! me house is torn down by a scrimmagin' sot
Five an' thirty goold guineas all scattered to pot,
While forty shpalpeens stand an' luk on aghast
At wan durthy boxer from mane ould Belfast.
Ye call yerselves Connaught min, yet a Far-Down
Tatthers 'round and destroys all the windys in town,
Troth, I mind well the time, long ago, whin ould
Connaught
Had sons who'd not run from an Ulsther thafe's
bonnet."

Thin Mickey Collooney gev him wan in the mug,
An' young Tim Leenane tapped him undher the lug;
An' be jabers, the gethrin' was in a turnmoil,
Whin down kem the peelers McQuinn and Fermoyle,
An', musha, they worrent a minute too soon,
For the life was near bet from the wandherin' gos-
soon;
Thin they marched me lad off wid great nise an'
uproar,
An' smudtherin' crowds both behind an' before.

So they tuk him at wance to Judge Larry O'Nail,
An' the misthress an' Darby raypated their tale,
How this omadhaun darred a gud man out to fight,
An' thin ducked his head be rayson o' fright
Ov a slitone in the ruction, therefore in it kem—
pop!—
An' that's how he bruck all the glass in the shop,
Five an' forty goold guineas all at wance whipped
away,
“Plaze yer Honor's fine worship, for justice we
pray.”

“Was the stone fairly aimed?” “'Twas, indade,
sir,” sez manny;
“Officers, sarch the bould vagabone—see if he's
anny
Money!” “He has, sir, fifty guineas tin shillin',”
“Thin this coort will give sintence agin the red
villyun;
An' our judgment is, in this prisoner's case,

That for housebreakin', riot and braitch of the pace
He be fined the amount just removed from his
purse—
Fifty guineas tin shillin—an' be glad its no worse.

“Misther Clark, take the fine, an' pay Misther Dun-
more
The forty-five guineas to which he just swore,
Retain five to pay fees, costs, expinses an' all,
An' shtand thrate wid tin shillins at the Hole-in-the-
Wall;
An' if iver we catch this man in the attimpt
To return to ould Galway he'll be found in contimpt,
An' where is the lawyer dar take an appale
To ralaise a Far-Down from a Connaught man's jail.”

Thin the b'ys raised a shout an' hurrooed wid great
vilence,
An' the crier shplit his gullet bawlin' “Ordher an'
silence;”
An' the coort adjourned shortly, an' the awjince
immaygint
Wint down to Dunmore's in a wondherful paygint;
An' the misthress an' Darby gev the best uv gud
cheer,
There was whiskey galore, an' lashins o' beer;
“Dhrink hearty,” sez Darby, from the bar shmilin'
down,
“I med tin guineas clear on the bloody Far-Down.”

Tom Duffy's Match.

"Come up to Owney Quaighan's, Mike,"
Says Duffy to McGinn,
"His daughther's married Turrence Crike,
An' we're axed kindly in;
The vittles will be iv the best,
An' betther still the liquor;
An' heels an' toes will niver rest
Till mornin' sunbeams flicker
Across the flure.

Three fiddles will sit on the press,
Forbye the Dutchman's horn;—
An' such foine gerls,—they'll make ye bless
The day that you wor born;—
An' whisht, now, Michael, where ye sthand,
I'll lay a goolden wager
Wan that bangs all will pledge her hand
^ This noight to this ould stager,
Ay! To-be-sure.

Mike tuck the bet, but said no more
Except a sayerit smile;
An' soon me lads raiched Quaighan's door
Dhressed in the hoighth of sthyle;
The house was full whin they arroived,
Their welkim was most hearty,
As time flew by, injyment thrived
At Mamie's weddin' party,
An' no mistake.

Betwixt two reels at wan o'clock,
Bould Duffy bawled, "Make way."
An' all the throng kem in a flock
To hear what wud he say;
Thin up he shpakes whin all was quite,
"Me frinds a quareous notion
Popped slap into me head, this noight,
Therefore there is a motion
I'd like to make."—

"Go on," ses wan, "Go on," says all,
Thin up he shpakes again;—
"Is there a wumman in this hall
That weighs just tin stone tin,
In stature risin' five feet four,
In age turned two an' twinty,
Wan that was niver wed before,
Wid teeth an' smiles in plinty,
An' full iv fun."

"Wid hair as black as black can be,
An' eyes that selfsame hue,
If such a wan will marry me
Let her come forth to view,
Togedther thin we'll lay our hands,
An' here sthands Squire Sinnott
Who'll tie us fast in wedlock's bands
At wanst, this very minute,
Sure as a gun."

The gerls wint out to talk it o'er,—
An' titthered a gray dale
As all o' thim returned wance more
Save only Kate O'Nale;

Ann Shea says,—“ I’ll go bail that all
These gerls to you are cruel,
But her that’s comin’ through the hall; ”
“ Hurroo! It’s me own jewel
Kathleen,”—he cried—

She stepped as stately as a queen,
All hid in veils of lace,
So thick they med a perfect screen
Before her purty face;
Tom tuck a houl’t iv her gloved hand
An’ kissed it wid grate feeling;
An’ to a chune played by the band
Marched, lukkin at the ceiling,
Bound to be tied.

The whole concoorse formed a parade,
Wid jokin an’ ould prate;
An’ inded up their promenade
Forninst the magistrate;
His Honor says, as he arose,
“ Hàs inimy or crony
Anny impidimints to those
Two inthrin mathrimony?
If so, say so.”

“ Since none forbids,—Thomas, will you
Take this wan for yer wife,
An’ kape that same, contint an’ thrue,
Throughout your mortal loife?”—
Tom shouts “ I will,”—“ Miss your name, plaze?”—
“ Susan Melissa Hagar!”—
Tom whipped her veils off, in a craze,
Begorra! ’Twas a Nagur,
Black as a crow.

The people laughed until they cried,
Poor Duffy cursed an' swore,
The wench declared she'd be his bride
An' niver lave him more;
The whole house knew she'd but agreed
To his own proposition,
The ceremony must proceed,
Herself filled aich condition
Right to a dot.

The Justice held that Tom must wed,
Or else he'd land in jail,—
Thin Duffy turned about his head,
An' there stud Kate O'Nale,
Laughin' quite comically, sure,
On Mickey's arm continted;
Tom knocked McGinn flat on the flure,
An' ran like wan diminted
Far from the spot.

An' skelped away to parts unknown,
Upon the railway thrain;
An' in sthrange places stops alone
Nor cares for sport a grain;
To church he niver dars to go,
Or wid young folks to mingle,
Bekase he doesn't rightly know
Fedther himself is single,
Married, or phwat.

De 'Speriençe ob de Reb'rend
Quawko Strong.

Swing dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter,
Ring de big bell, beat de gong,
Saints an' martyrs den will meet dair
Brudder, Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Sound dat bugle, Angel Gabriel,
Tell de elders, loud an' long,
"Clair out dem high seats of Heaben,
Here comes Reb'rend Quawko Strong "

Turn de guard out, Ginceral Michael,
Arms present de line along;
Let de band play "Conkerin' Hero,"
For de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Den let Moses bring de crown, an'
Palms an' weddin' gown along,
Wid percession to de landin ,
Here's de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Tune your harpstrings tight, King David,
Sing your good Ole Hunderd song,
Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals
'Roun' de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Joseph, march down wid yer bredderen,
Tribes an' banners musterin' strong—
Speech ob welcome from ole Abram,
Answer, Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Angels, hear me yell Hosanner!
Hear my dulcem sperritool song;
Halleluyer! I'm a-comin'!
I'm de Reb'rend Quawko Strong!

Make dat white robe rudder spacious,
An' de waist-belt 'stornery long,
'Cause 'twill take some room in Glory
For de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

What! No one to de landin'?
'Pears like suffin'-nudder's wrong;
Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter
Fits—from Reb'rend Quawko Strong.
How am dis? De gates all fastened;
Out ob all de shinin' frong
Not a mulatter cherub eben
Greets de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

What a narrer little gateway!
My! dat gate am hard to move;
"Who am dat?" says 'Postle Peter,
From the parapet above.
Uncle Peter, don't you know me—
Me, a shinin' light so long?
Why, the berry niggers call me
Good ole Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Dunno me, de shoutin' preacher?
Reg'lar hull-hog Wesleyan, too—
Whar in de woods you been a-loafin'?
Some ole rooster's boddered *you*,
I reckon. Wy I convarted
Hunderds o' darkies in a frong—
Dunno me, nor yet my Masser,
Deny Deacon Quawko Strong.

Hark to dat ar cur'us roarin'
Far away, but a-rollin' nigher;
See de drefful dragon flyin',
Head like night, an' mouf ob fire;
'Tis de berry King ob Debbils,
An' he'm rushin' right along,
O, dear Peter, please to open
To *Classleader* Quawko Strong.

Ole Nick's comin'. I can feel it
Gettin' warmer all about;
O, my good, kind Kurnal Peter,
Let me in, I'm all too stout
To go 'long wid Major Satan
In to dat warm climate, 'mong
Fire and brimstone. Hear me knockin',
Ole *Churchmember* Quawko Strong.

Dat loud noise am a-comin' nearer—
Drefful smell, like powder smoke,
Nudder screech. Good Hebben help me!
Lor' forgib dis pore ole moke.
Allers wuz so berry holy,
Singin' an' prayin' extry long.
Now de Debbil's gwine to cotch me,
Pore ole nigger Quawko Strong.

Hi! dat gate swing back a little,
Mighty squeezin' to git froo,
Ole Apollyon howlin' louder,
Ebertyng aroun' am blue.
Bang! de gate goes, an' Belzebub,
Bunch of wool upon his prong,
Goes 'long home widout de soul ob
Mis'abul sinner, name of Strong.

De Defalcation ob Joshuway Bibb.

“Y ou don’t see Joshuway ’bout yere?”
Humph! I’m ’clined to think you
don’t;

Yes, you kin wait, if you want to,
But I callilate you won’t
Want to hang ’roun’ yere in de way,
Ez long’s you hev to fur him,
’Cause his chances ob returnin’ yere
Am mos’ exceedin’ly slim.

“What’s de trouble? What’s to hender?”
Well, nuffin’ so berry great,
’Cept Mister Bibb libs in brown stone
Dese times, an’ sarbs de State;
An’ he’s white folks to wait on him,
An’ tend his doors, an’ so on,
An’ all on ’count ob him habin’
Good principles to go on.

“You don’t ezackly awnderstan’?”
Well, den I’ll speak more plain;
Dat air Josh. Bibb am in de jail,
De wurfless son ob old Cain.
I s’pose you wonder how he come
To git widin dat prison?
De answer am dat he got drunk
An’ tuck what wasn’t hizzen.

Dat friend ob your'n went out one day
Wid a wagon-load ob stuff,
An' neber come back yere no more,
Till he'd been gone long enough
To go to Chiney, nigh about;
An' when at last he sought me—
A-looking like Ole Scratch hisself—
How much d'ye spose he brought me?

“You cannot guess?” I guess ye can't—
One—counterfeit—half dollar!
Hoss, wagon, harness, load—all gone!
I allow dat beat all holler.
Dat ebber I did hear or see
Ob good-for-nuffin' niggers—
An' all he'd say about it was
“Dunno nuffin 'bout figgers.

By Jimminey Cricks, but I was mad!
Why, dat peddlin' 'stablishment
Was wuth—jess lemme reckon up
De valley ob dat 'quipment;
Dar's twenty dollars for de load,
Dat's hullsale; wagon, fifteen—
No great shakes ob a wagon, sure;
An' harness ennyhow firteen.

An' den dat hoss—dat's wust ob all—
Dat's the most seryusset loss,
He cost me forty dollars, clean,
He ain't no ornery hoss,
He ain't; he'm pure-blooded stock.
D'ye wonder my buzzum burns?
I tell ye, when your friend come back
I didn't like them returns.

Well, dat ar's teen, twenty and fif
Dat comes 'bout firty-five,
For de load and wagon, an'
Harness firteen. Sakes alive!
Dat reaches up to forty-eight;
An' forty more for dat hoss—
Altogedder makes eighty-eight!
Ain't dat a mos' drefful loss?

Yes, sah, dat 'mounts to eighty-eight,
Eighty-eight dollars, all told.
My good-father's-a-libbing, oh!
How bad I did want to scold,
An' sw'ar at dat wicked sinner,
An' lick him like de nation,
But I'm a trustee in de church,
Wid a shinip' reputation.

So I couldn't do nuffin' only pray
For help to keep my hands down
Till I could get him tucken up
By de marshal ob de town;
Den I went afore *my* friend, de Jedge—
Me'n him was boys togedder—
He put Josh out ob fear ob dogs,
An' 'tected from de wedder.

Dat busted up dis hull concern—
I went in litigation,
An' s'pended pay, by reason ob
De chief clerk's defalcation.
An' now, ole man, ef you's a-gwine
To lay 'roun' yere for Josh Bibb,
Jest tote yer bed an' grub along
And stay ez long's you lib.

Parting Song.

Let us sing, before we part,
Of the happy days of yore,
When content enriched the heart,
Though the purse held slender store;
Through the woods the winds would swell,
Like the hum of wedding chimes;
And we loved each other well,
In the good old times.

Girls were lovely, sweet and pure,
As the blossoms on the trees;
And as modest and demure
As the plant they call heart's-ease;
In their groups no sneers of pride
Any honest toiler shamed;
And the rich were not decried,
Nor the poor defamed.

All the young men then were true,
Full of manliness and worth,
Zealous all their work to do,
And adepts in harmless mirth;
If a man were fair and square,
Good and generous withal,
He was welcome anywhere,
On a par with all.

Ah! 'Tis many years ago
Since our circle was complete,
For the best have long lain low
Where the valley hillocks meet;
While we mourn the loved ones gone,
With sincere and deep distress,
Yet we're ever closer drawn
As our band grows less.

In the spirit of the past
Then clasp hands and say farewell;
And we'll pledge our love to last
Like the sea-breeze in a shell;—
When our fragile caskets fall,
We will seek celestial climes,
And in paradise recall
Meetings in old times.



Good Night.

“Good Night”—that blessed parting phrase
Foretells an absence brief;
Kind benisons the tone conveys,
And guardianship from grief;
Blest rest the tender term bespeaks,
And vernal visions bright;
While love for love's expression seeks
In lovers' last “Good Night.”

When lisping prattlers fist essay
Plain language to express,
And manage mimicry to say
With symptoms of success,
And to the effort oft return
’Mid doting friends’ delight,
Almost the first words that they learn
Are those sweet words, “Good Night.”

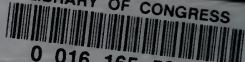
When lingering lovers lothly part,
Though parting soon to meet,
And pause, while hasting to depart,
Sweet sayings to repeat;
At last when last farewell they reach,
They whisper, low and light,
In tender strains of soothful speech,
Those wistful words, “Good Night.”

When tired toilers seek sweet rest
 Their vigor to renew,
By loving wishes warmly blest
 From hearts sincere and true,
How grateful 'tis ere eyelids close
 And silence rules the night,
To hear the music of repose
 In those sweet words, "Good Night."

When placid age lies down in peace
 At life's long journey's close,
Toils, trials, troubles,—all surcease,
 And God gives good repose;
How grandly, then, the saintly face
 Reflects celestial light
Ere the weak whisper sinks apace
 In one low—last—"Good Night."



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